BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1946

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1/6

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 33, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1946

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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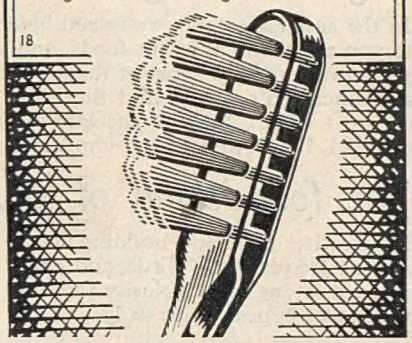

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"WHICH FOODS DO WHAT?"—No. 7

pattern for the DAY'S MEALS

Simple and very fascinating—this planning of meals for health. Something that gives you pride and satisfaction. For in great measure, you have the wonderful power to give yourself and your family the health that brings real joy of living. We've *had* to learn which foods are most important during these years of shortage.

And, when rationing ends, you should still keep to the pattern of healthy eating. Body-building and protective foods first. *Then* you can adapt the details, put on the "trimmings" to suit yourself. Remember, even when food of all kinds is plentiful, you still can be badly undernourished if you fail to choose the right foods for health.

A guide to right eating—FREE LEAFLET

In the announcements we issued before this one, we explained to you about the different foods, and what they do for you. If you have forgotten some of them or if you missed some of the announcements, you'll find the leaflet "Choosing our Food" of great help. Send a postcard now for it to the Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London.

The foundation of your daily meals

Notice that the body-building foods (meat, fish, egg, cheese) appear frequently; "little and often" is better than a large amount at one meal. Notice too, how the important protective vegetables appear twice daily.

BREAKFAST: Porridge (or other cereal or fruit with milk). A cooked dish (bacon or egg or fish or sausages). Bread and butter or margarine, marmalade or jam, tea or coffee; for children, cocoa or milk.

MID-MORNING SNACK. Especially for adolescents, or adults doing heavy work, it is best to combine a body-building and a protective food; for instance, cheese and watercress sandwich, meat patty and tomato.

DINNER (midday or late dinner). Soup if desired. Meat or cheese or fish or egg. Potatoes, fresh vegetables, including a green leafy one every day if possible, at least several times weekly. Pudding.

SUPPER OR HIGH TEA (or lunch if you have late dinner). Cheese or fish (fresh or tinned) or egg or meat on points. Raw vegetable salad, bread or potatoes, butter or margarine. Cake or biscuits, jam or honey or syrup if desired, or if for lunch, a pudding.

MF

(S.146)

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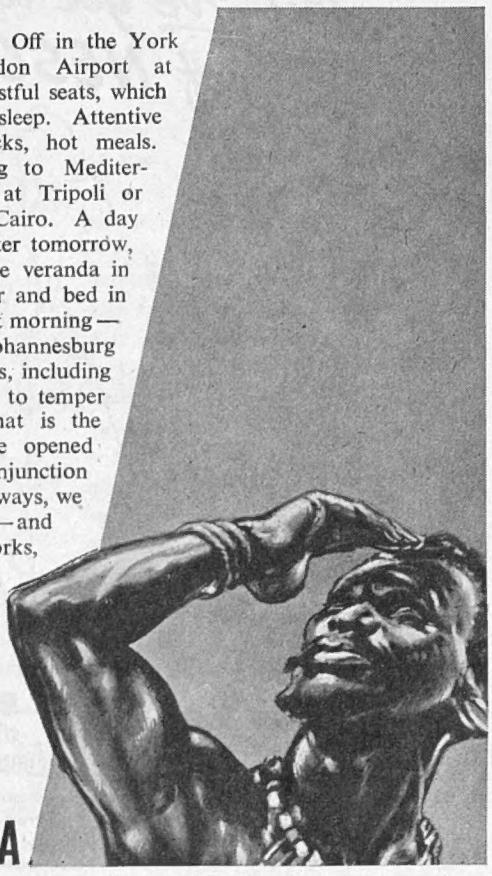

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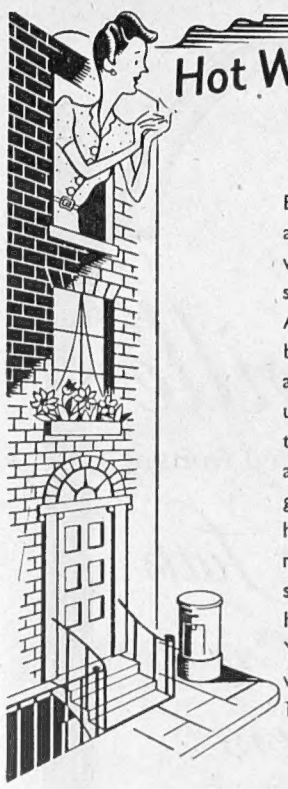

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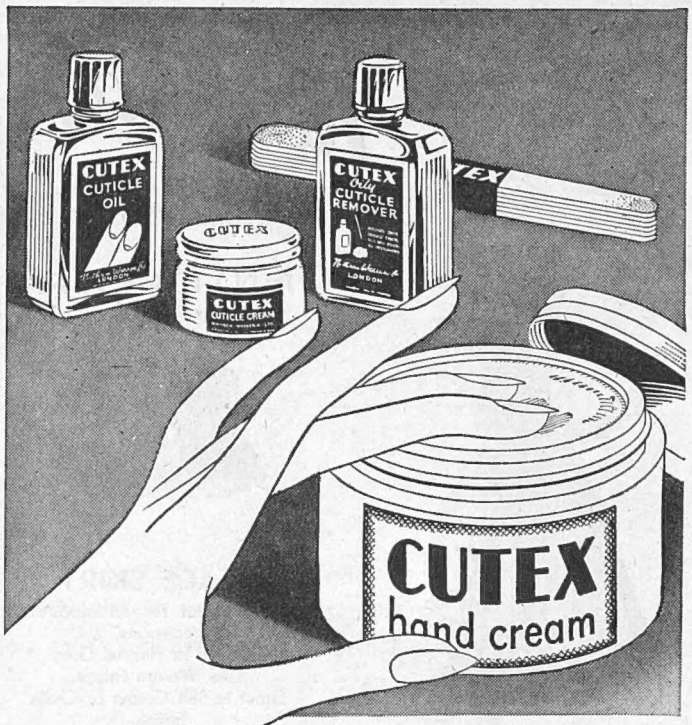

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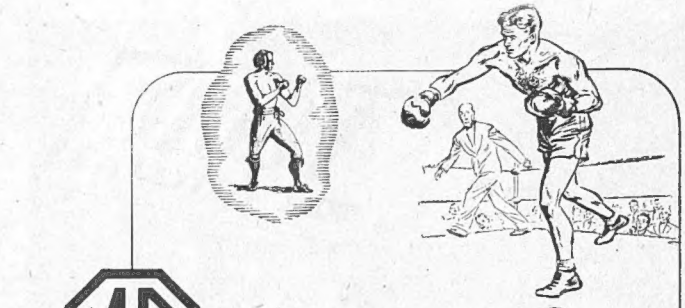

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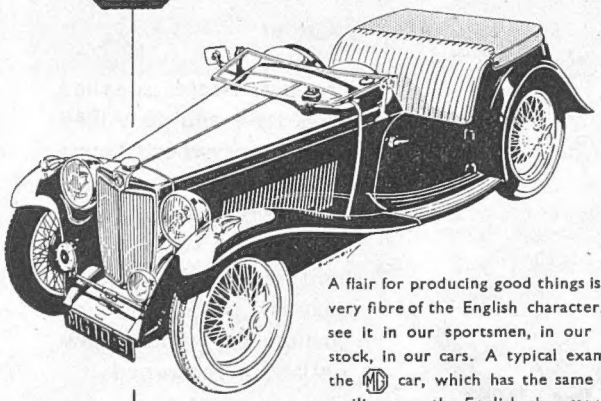

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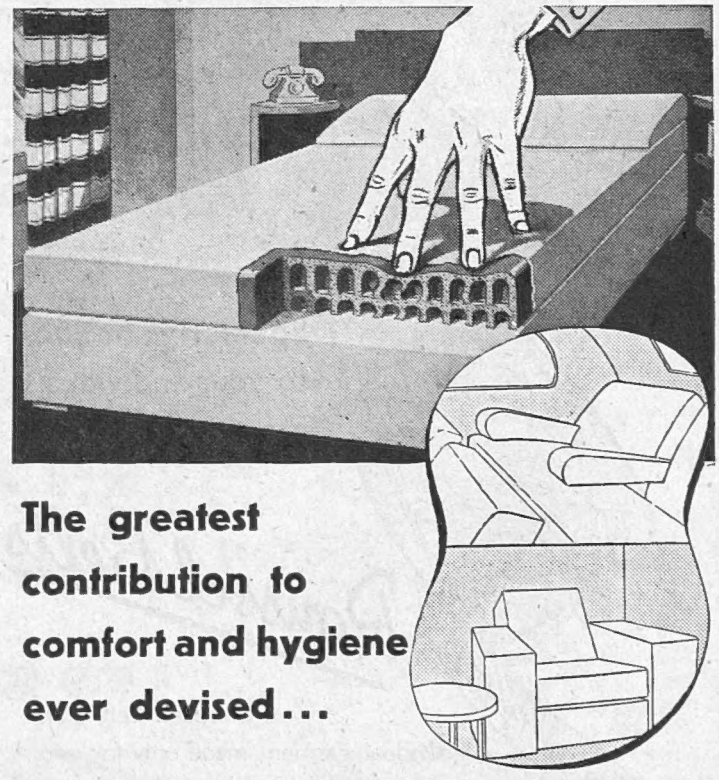

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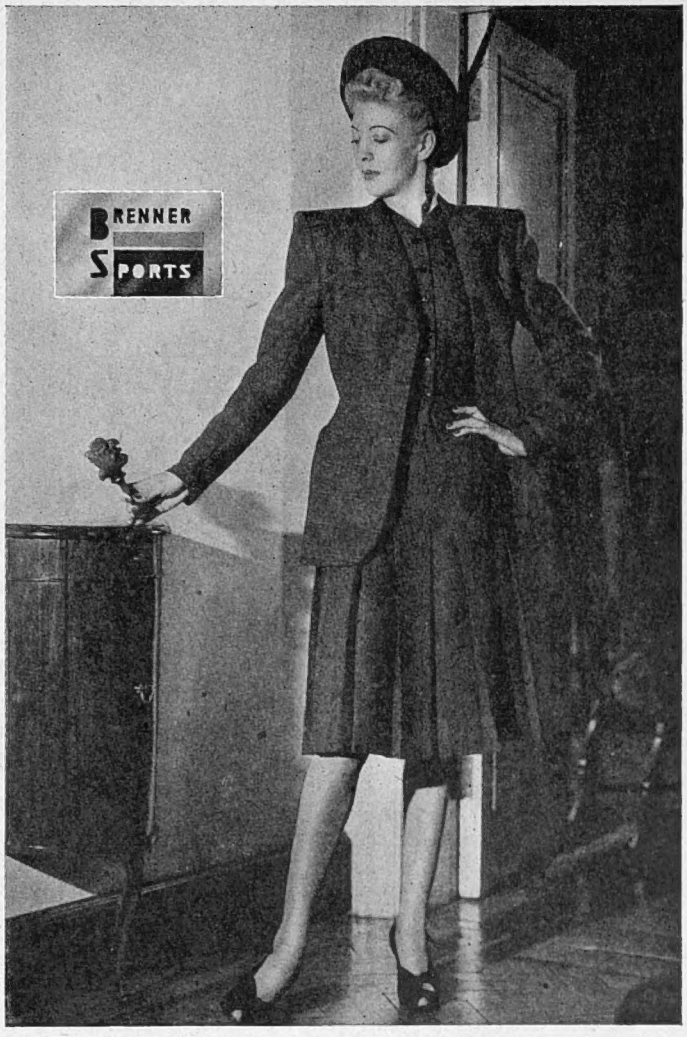

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Britannia and Eve

He came straight up to her. "Elizabeth," he said, "my wife is dead." She made no reply, but sat gazing up at him, still as marble

Shadows Of Leaves

A Short Story

By

Mary Just

"YOU must be middle-aged, I think, to appreciate the beauty of shadows," said Elizabeth, to one who had entered her living-room, unexpected and unannounced, a short while before.

"And what do you call middle-aged?" asked he, with a smile, as he surveyed her slight form, and quiet, unlined face.

Elizabeth thought for a moment. "I suppose it is to have known the loveliest and the best," she said finally.

The room in which they were sitting was on the ground floor of a very old house in a very old market town. The two windows, large and many-paned, looked out on a very old square which was ringed by plane-trees, now in full leaf. The setting sun shone full into the room, and cast the shadows of the plane leaves over wall and floor, sometimes still, as if delicately painted in deep, misty, blue colouring, sometimes dancing gaily in the little fluttering breeze outside, that came and went like a happy sigh from the heart of the brilliant summer day now nearing its close. The walls of the room and the polished floor were alike of pale oak. Another and a greater Elizabeth had sojourned there in her day.

Elizabeth had been seated at her embroidery frame, working at some gay, careless love-making of shepherds and shepherdesses among bright-hued flowers and impossibly green trees. When Patrick Kendal had gently opened the door and walked in, she had paused, with her needle suspended and her eyes very wide and dark, and he could see a pulse beating in her throat. He came straight up to her.

"Elizabeth," he said, "my wife is dead."

She made no reply, but sat gazing up at him, still as marble. He softly took the needle from her hand, and with his own hand shaking a little, placed it safely in the canvas. Then he gathered her fingers into his own.

"Yes," he said again, "she's dead. My wife is dead, Elizabeth."

"Poor soul," said Elizabeth softly. Then she laughed, a little uncertainly. "That *I* should be the one to say of *her* . . . 'poor soul.'"

"Don't," he said, a little impatiently. "Are you going to let that sort of nonsense come between us now, after all these years?"

"Nonsense?" she asked. "I don't think it is nonsense. I'm sorry for her. I have been for years."

"I somehow never thought," he said, "that when . . . when it came . . . what we've always had at the back of our minds . . . I didn't think we should spend our first two minutes after our meeting talking about *her*." He frowned. "She came between us in life. Is she going to do the same in death?"

"She didn't really come between us," said Elizabeth, still speaking as if half in a dream. "She couldn't."

"No, she never could," he agreed. "Darling, why do you look so strange? I startled you."

"Yes," Elizabeth answered quite definitely. "Yes, you did."

"I ought to have written or wired. I simply never thought . . . I . . . my one idea was to come to you. I came straight up from the station, along the streets I remembered so well, and through the Abbey Gate and across the Square to the old door. I walked straight in, and into the room I knew and loved. And you were there, just as I'd dreamed of you so often, sitting at your embroidery frame. I've often wondered if you still did your embroidery. That was my one idea, Elizabeth, to come straight to you."

"Yes," she said. She still seemed half-benumbed. Then she tried to pull herself together. "Forgive me, Pat. It's all come so out of the blue. I'd got my life so settled and arranged, and I'd given up all thought of ever . . ."

"But now it's happened," he urged.

"Yes, now it's happened."

He knelt beside her, smiling into her eyes. "You haven't kissed me yet."

She raised her face to his, rather like a child, and a little helplessly. His arms went round her, and yet, even while he kissed her, he felt that there was something lacking, something that was not the blossoming of the perfect rose for which they had waited so long. Gently she disengaged herself.

"Sit down, my dear," she said.

He looked at her for a moment, uncertainly, then threw himself into a high-backed walnut chair, covered in a century-old tapestry of dim blues and greens. Elizabeth took up her needle again. "Was she ill long?" she asked, almost conversationally.

"About ten days." He brushed this aside with some impatience "My sweetheart, what is it? I thought you'd be happy. I thought . . ."

He broke off. Again the light breeze stirred the plane leaves outside, and tossed them sideways in a dainty little dance on wall and floor.

"Look," Elizabeth said, pointing, and then she added her remark about the beauty of shadows, and her definition of middle-age.

"Do you think, then," he asked, frowning a little, "that you and I have known the loveliest and the best?"

"Haven't we?" she answered. "Could anything be lovelier than our love when we first met?"

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

He smiled at her, and for the first time she answered his smile.

"Do you remember that dance?" he said. "We danced the whole evening together. A Hunt Ball, wasn't it, or something? I saw you standing talking to a fellow at the other side of the room, and I simply said to myself, 'My God, there she is. The woman I've looked for all my life so far.' And I came straight across and asked you to dance."

"Yes," Elizabeth laughed softly. "And I said, 'I don't know you, do I?' and you said, 'Well, may I put that right?'"

"I suppose I ought to have turned my back and walked straight out again. But I was only human. And by the time the dance ended, I was saying to myself . . . 'She *is* the woman I've looked for all my life, and here am I tied hand and foot to someone I never loved and never really wanted.' Boys are very easily enmeshed, you know, Elizabeth. I believe any woman can get any man she wants, if he's young enough. She got me all right. God! What a tragedy it all was."

"It's over now. You're free. But I still say of her . . . 'poor soul.'"

"It's more than she deserves."

She gave him a long look.

"You didn't talk of her like that when we parted. You pitied her."

"I was young then. I'm tough now. Life makes one like that when one's always kicking against the pricks. If it hadn't been for what she told me, that night when I asked for a divorce, I'd have left her then and there."

"She told you there was a child coming. Yes, I remember so well. It was like a knife into my heart. You were so decent about it . . . you said you *couldn't* walk out on her. I don't think I'd have loved you so much if you had."

He laughed shortly. "I'm afraid I'm not the young idealist I was, my dear. If I had it to do over again now, she and her brat could just get on with it."

Elizabeth drew herself up a little distastefully, and gave him a long look. She noted the slight coarsening of his face, the bitter lines round his mouth, the fullness and shadows under his eyes. "Poor Pat," she said gently.

" If it hadn't been for what she told me, that night when I asked for a divorce, I 'd have left her then and there "

" Do you pity everyone ? I don't need pity now."

" What about that child ? Was he a comfort to you ? "

" Never less. It was *her* child from the start, and she taught him to dislike me. I haven't seen him for five years. He didn't do too well. He 's out East now . . . due home any time."

" Did you ever try to like him ? "

" Elizabeth . . . you know me too well ! Frankly, you 're right. I didn't . . . much, after the first. She was so determined I shouldn't have any pleasure out of him. Oh, she told me so. . . . *I* had my dear Elizabeth's love . . . much good my dear Elizabeth was ever going to get out of me, but *she* . . . she had her child. Yes, she deliberately taught him to dislike me."

" Why didn't you leave her, then ? "

" By that time, I 'd heard of your marriage. Tell me, were you happy ? "

Elizabeth did not immediately answer. " He was very good to me, always," she said at length. " I was terribly sorry when he died."

" Well, it didn't seem to matter much then what I did. I stayed put. After all, it was my home, and she looked after that part of it all right, and as time went on she dropped nagging about you. I suppose she thought I 'd forgotten you. And there were other women, plenty of them."

" And other consolations ? "

" What d 'you mean ? " He looked sharply at her. She returned his look, her own eyes dwelling on the shadowed fullness below his, and the reddening of his skin, but she did not put her thought into words.

" Well," he said at last, " it 's over. And I 'm perfectly honest with you, darling. I 've played the fool, I admit it, but I 've never really loved any woman but you. And when I was rid of her, my one thought was to come straight to you. And here I am. Can't we make a little happiness for our two selves out of what 's left of our lives ? "

Elizabeth thoughtfully pulled a length of parrot-green wool between her fingers before she answered.

" I . . . don't know. Is it as simple as all that ? " She glanced out at the trees in the Square, from the window, through which the sun was now gleaming in an odd round bubble of glass that distorted the view. Then she looked again at the shadows of the leaves within. " I think I 've learned to live in the shadows," she said. " It has always seemed to me that I deserved that. After all, Pat, I deliberately took a man away from his wife . . . took his love, I mean."

" Good God ! You didn't. If it hadn't been you, it would have been someone else. I tell you she couldn't hold me."

He met her eyes, and saw, for the first time, the old mischievous glint in them. His rather curt laugh answered it.

" Yes, you 're quite right. I know what you 're thinking . . . that isn't much of a compliment to you. If this were twenty-five years ago, I 'd lie to you, and say there 'd never been any other woman in my life. But I 'm afraid she and the world between them have turned me into a different sort of fellow."

" You know, I think that 's rather nonsense," said Elizabeth. " We 're very fond of blaming life for what we did ourselves. You 've talked a good deal about yourself. Now I 'm going to talk about myself for a minute."

" I deserve that," said Pat, smiling a trifle wryly.

" I didn't mean it that way. Do you remember when I married . . . it 's nearly nineteen years ago now ? "

" *Do I remember ?* I got drunk that night."

" Yes," said Elizabeth, as though she were not altogether surprised at this. Well, if I 'd had any courage, enough courage to walk my road to the end, I 'd never have married him at all. I didn't love him, and if you don't love, you shouldn't marry. Worse . . . I loved someone else. I liked him very, very much, and he was the best man I ever met, but . . . he wasn't the man I loved. And so, although we were,

on the surface, happy together, he was never *really* happy, and I knew it, and I couldn't give him what he wanted, and he knew it. We never put it into words, but we both knew. He was too good to be used just as a means of trying to forget. If one loves, one ought to carry one's love high in one's heart, to the end, and walk the road bravely, alone, even if, like the little mermaid, the stones cut one's feet every step of the way." She sighed. "You see, Pat, neither you nor I ever really faced up to our punishment. I ought to have trodden my road alone, and you ought to have been a better father to your son."

There was a long silence before she added, rather hesitatingly . . . "And you should have tried to fight against other . . . 'consolations.'"

The colour slowly flooded his face, and he looked away from her.

"I admit I drink too much," he said then. "I 'm hiding nothing from you. But if you loved me, you 'd take a chance on that."

"*If* I loved you. . . . ! But you 're still not facing up, Pat. It wasn't her fault, it was yours and mine. And now . . . you seem to think that we can just take up where we left off and get away with it. You forget. We 're middle-aged."

"If you say so," he said, smiling half-involuntarily as he surveyed her. She looked so young, sitting there at her embroidery frame, with the shadows of the leaves dancing over the wall beside her. And yet, there was a deep and notable change in her. She was no longer the young Elizabeth who had fought and raged for her happiness. She was one who walked beside the still waters, with wise, quiet eyes.

"When is your boy coming home ?" she asked.

"Any day now."

"Don't you think that you and he could get together a bit, now that she . . . I mean . . ."

"I wish to God we could. You 're right, Elizabeth, I haven't pulled my weight with him. Do you honestly believe that one can't have happiness unless one 's earned it ?"

"I think one can't *be* happy unless one 's earned it. Not when one 's had one's chance and didn't take it."

"That 's pretty relentless."

"Life is relentless. We both failed. Now, are we just going to marry and say 'Good, we 've got it at last' ? Happiness, I mean. Would we be happy ?"

"Do you mean that I ought to try and make something of my relation to my boy ? Try to be friends, and help him ?"

"You say he didn't turn out too well. You 're very much a man of the world, Pat. You ought to be able to tackle that job. He may be as lonely as anything. Does he know about his mother ?"

"Yes. I wired him, and he answered."

"What did he answer ?"

"'Wire received. Love. See you soon.'" Pat, producing his pipe, asked her permission by a gesture, and began to light it. "Odd," he said, between puffs; "he 'd never sent his love to me in his life before."

"He 's unhappy. He wants you," said Elizabeth. "I think you 've got to try and be the sort of father he needs."

"And you ?"

"I 've learned to live in the shadows," she answered quietly.

He rose, put his pipe down, and came close, kneeling beside her. "You dreamer ! But I can be a dreamer, too. Can't we learn our lesson together ? The shadows are not so beautiful as the sunlight."

"We haven't earned the right to live in the sunlight."

"You would like me to go, then ?"

He leaned his cheek against her own, and felt her tears, soft as summer rain.

"You would like me to go ?" he said again.

For the first time, her arms came round him. His own tightened, and drew her very close.

"Yes, go, my darling. The shadows of the leaves are our dreams of what might have been, of what was so lovely and so enchanting. I shall think of you always when I see them now."

They held each other in a long embrace, during which he silently buried many unworthy past feelings and remembrances and propensities, and, a little uncertainly, lit a flickering light in his own heart, that might perhaps, one day, come to burn steadily and bravely.

At last he rose, and standing before her, took her face between the palms of his two hands, and looked deep and long into her eyes.

"I shall come back, Elizabeth," he said.

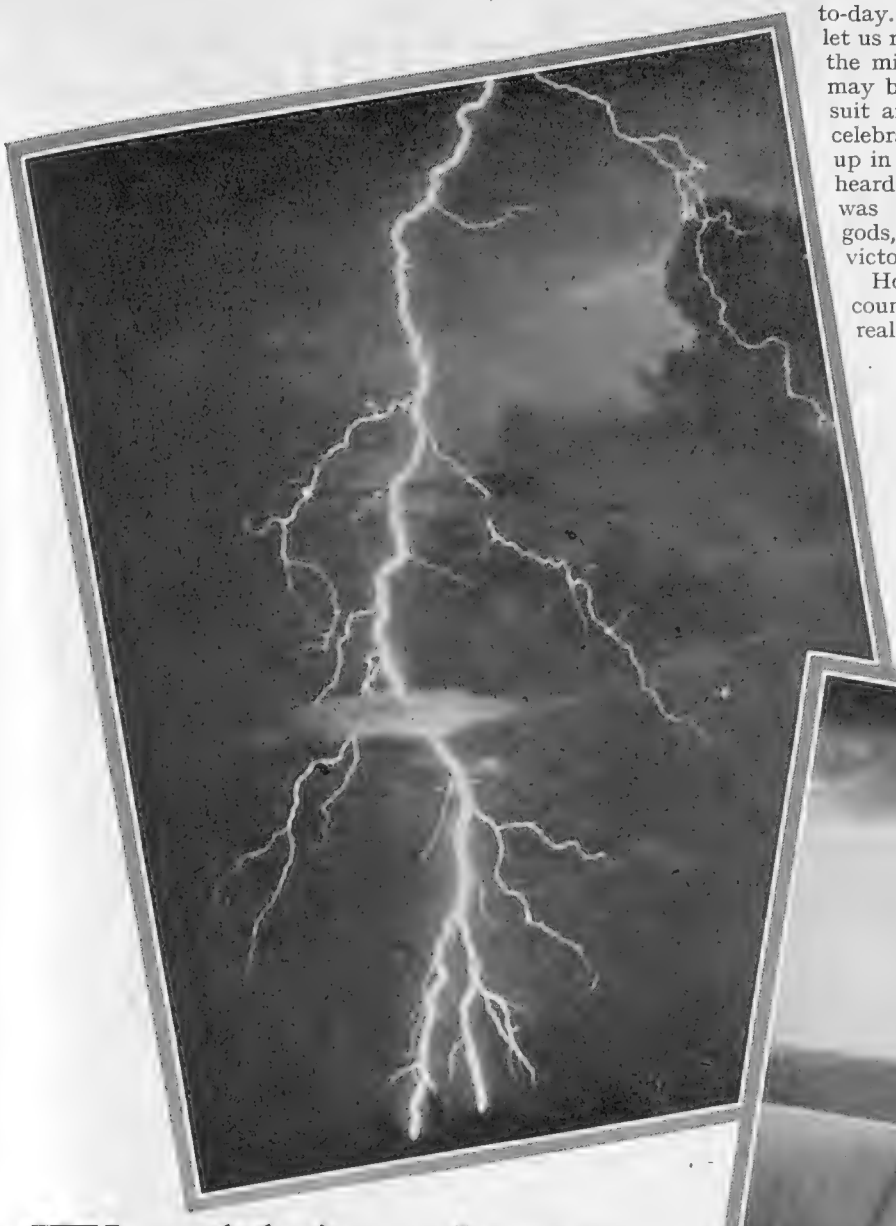
"Perhaps, my dear."

"I shall come back. In winter there are no leaves, and no shadows. The sun shines bravely to its setting, with nothing left to cast shadows. When the leaves are gone, and the sun shines clear in the white frost, I shall come back, Elizabeth."

He bent and kissed her lips, gently, softly, then, lifting each of her hands, he kissed those too, after which he turned and went out of the room. She heard him quietly shutting the heavy oak hall-door, and walking away down the pavement of the Square. The sun was now almost set, and only a gleam of gold above the age-old grey stone of the Abbey Gate remained to show what had once been so lovely a summer's day. Once more a little breeze shook the plane-trees, and the very last shadows of the leaves retreated and advanced in a graceful minuet . . . retreated, advanced . . . retreated, advanced . . . and then merged at last into the general shade of twilight, stillness, silence and peace.

END.

"If this were twenty-five years ago, I 'd lie to you, and say there 'd never been any other woman in my life"



(*On left*) A flash of lightning photographed from a ship during a terrific storm in the Caribbean Sea

(*Below*) A weather phenomenon. Close-up view of a waterspout. This picture helps to dispel the belief that they consist of solid columns of water. Actually they are rotating columns of cloud. Spray at the base of the column obscures the point where the waterspout touches the sea, and by its size indicates that the destructive area of wind is about 500 feet in diameter. This waterspout is rising into a cloud approximately five miles deep

The Weather—

What Do We Know About It?

By Kenneth Ullyet, F.R.M.S.

NOW that the professional weather forecasters have boobed so badly, any amateur prophet can quickly get a new reputation. Failures of Air Ministry forecasters during the war, when the overall total of correct forecasts in Bomber Command was only forty-eight per cent—in other words, more often wrong than right—gave new impetus to the layman who relied merely on old weather-saws such as "Red sky at night . . ."

In defence of the experts, remember that about 2,700 of the professional forecasters in Britain declare frankly that all long-term forecasting is a gamble, for the factors which cause the birth of a new depression area far out in the Atlantic are extremely chancy. The updraught from the funnels of a liner, the melting of an iceberg or even the swirl and ice-trails set up by a transatlantic airliner may be enough to start a fresh upward current of warm air, and then the complicated machinery of hot and cold air currents—known to "met" experts as the Bjerknes system—comes into operation and a new anti-cyclone starts moving across the Atlantic, bringing all the customary weather changes in its trail.

On such delicate hair-triggers, therefore, does professional weather forecasting depend, that amateur saws and weather-lore may be just as satisfactory for your purpose if all you want to know is: "Is it going to rain to-morrow?" Or even to-day. If we are going to rely on amateur methods, though, let us make sure they are accurate, and that we don't make the mistakes of the experts. Remember, too, that what may be a good forecast for one man or one area may not suit another. The deluge during the Victory March and celebrations seemed to show the Air Ministry forecasters up in a bad light, but to the natives of West Africa who heard the short-wave broadcast of the ceremony this was regarded as a special act of blessing from the gods, bestowing the blessing of rain as a tribute to a victorious monarch and his armies!

How much weather-lore and how many of the old country and maritime weather rhymes can be said really to be based on fact? At once a whole gamut of fallacies appear—the moon, St. Swithin, the red sunsets, the "haloes," and, of course, the calendar.

The last is disproved by the old Danish proverb: "The almanac-maker makes the almanac, but God makes the weather!" Most of the old weather proverbs are based on centuries of observations; to-day they may average out and still be true, but obviously they cannot make allowance for local weather peculiarities or last-minute changes.

A supposed link between changing weather and the moon—you hear it still to-day in such conversational lines as: "Well, the rain came in with the new moon. I suppose it will last till the old moon goes out"—such a link has been thought possible since the Babylonian days hundreds of years before Christ: in the days, remember, when the moon was among the gods worshipped, and when it was not inconveniently regarded only as a carrier of bad (*Continued on page* 52)

"I" Stands For Inflation

MR. BROWN, having used the £5,000 received from the insurance company—maturing of an endowment policy—to buy a box of matches, and exchanged the £500,000 of gilt-edged stocks inherited from his war-contractor father into small-denomination currency notes and got enough for the bundle as waste-paper to buy his wife a pair of rayon stockings, was in dour mood when he returned to his country mansion and encountered Mrs. Brown, all gay and practically dancing with excitement.

"What now? Has that hen laid an egg at last?"

"Better than that. We're saved. We may even be rich again. Darling, I was combing out the attic again, and in a murky corner I found an old coat of yours, and in the pocket—guess what?"

"Not a pouch of tobacco?" ventured her husband hopefully.

"Your old short-snorter! A real one-dollar bill. Now we can pay off the mortgage."

"The mortgage?" scoffed Mr. Brown. "That's only a trifle of eighty thousand pounds. Do you know what the exchange is to-day? Eight hundred thousand pounds to the dollar. We can discharge the mortgage and still have enough left to buy a pound of butter—if" he added cautiously, "butter hasn't gone up another hundred thousand since I left town."

A scene from inflationary England ? years hence. £800,000 to the pound seems pitched high, in exchange terms; but if what happened in Germany five years after the first World War could happen in England five, ten or fifteen years after the second World War, it is pitched low, very low.

In October, 1919, I exchanged one British pound for 100 marks in Cologne, and paid for a very good lunch at the Simplicissimus. But if I'd borrowed 50,000 marks from the local bank then, and let the loan lie until the end of 1922, I could have repaid the bank all their marks with that same old Bradbury; while if I'd let things go until February, 1923, of the next year, I could have paid off the bank loan with the mark proceeds of a ten-shilling note.

That, though, would have been foolish, for the mark toboggan was obviously accelerating. I had only to wait until July that year to get 5,000,000 marks for my pound. Indeed, if I could have borrowed enough marks in 1919 to buy up the whole German national debt, I could have repaid the banks with a single pound in November, 1923, and still have had some change: the exchange rate then being 160,000,000,000. Not that my original buy would have been much use, except sold by weight as waste-paper, since all debt paper—government and corporation stocks, savings bank deposits, bank deposits, debentures, mortgages—followed the paper mark into the abyss.

It couldn't happen here. Or could it?

It could *if* all our anti-inflation controls slipped. It could *if* the Government, unable to borrow its money needs from the people, turned to the printing presses, and began to print off paper money in ever-increasing quantities to meet its bills. It could *if* currency notes continued the steady increase which began in 1939. In August, 1939, there were about 520,000,000 one pound notes in circulation; last August, the figure was 1,350,000,000—the highest ever.

If you travel around Europe and America, you find inflation a persistent and inescapable subject—like the weather and the Government in England. Here, people outside high political and financial circles don't talk or think about it much. Maybe this is because Britain is about the only country whose money has not been run off the map by a headlong inflation.

Inflation is something that happens in France, where living costs rise with every

Decoration by Jack Matthew

A War-Generated World Phenomenon For Which There Is Only One Cure—Deflation

By C. Patrick Thompson

boost of the wage rate; in Austria, where paper money has become practically worthless, and cigarettes are a substitute currency; in China, where Chiang Kai-Shek's Government borrows another few millions from one of the four note-issuing banks, the bank prints off notes to the amount required, and the price of basic commodities promptly rises to meet the decreased buying power of the inflated currency. Or in America, where last July a mutinous Congress pulled the anti-inflation price controls loose from a raging President, and promptly corn jumped from 6s. to 9s. a bushel; wheat rose 10d. a bushel to 8s. 9d., highest price since the great inflation of 1920; hogs rose from 71s. to 90s., and beef from 88s. to 108s. a hundredweight; and cotton, at 1s. 3½d. a pound, hit the highest price in twenty-three years. In other words, the value on money dropped another notch, and the value of things rose further.

It is something that happens anywhere and everywhere except Britain. This, of course, is an optical illusion. Inflation is a war-generated world phenomenon. The average Briton doesn't feel it actively at work because in his country the world's most effective anti-inflation measures operate. They were set up when the war began. The late Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, discussing their development with me in an off-record talk in his Treasury room in the war's second year, looked ahead to the situation we face to-day, a glut of paper money and bank deposits, and a scarcity of things.

"The trouble about inflation," remarked the tubby, shrewd lawyer-politician, "is that there is only one cure for it. Deflation. Deflation spells anything from social disorders to war. Hitler is the child of the deflation that followed the inflationary splurge of '28 and '29."

The Treasury men were then streamlining the key policies which still give Britain the world's most stable economy. An enormous and intricate system of rationing, bulk-buying, and price-controls was being woven around the hard core of the average wage-earning citizen's needs and buying power. Everything was geared to the purpose of keeping the average citizen's living costs stable.

The immense apparatus groaned and squeaked, but it worked. Prices of necessities were caught and held at about twenty-nine points above pre-war levels. For six years the cost-of-living index has been kept within the narrow limits of 128 and 134 (it's 131 as I write). Prices have risen, money buys less, but still the ordinary man scarcely realizes it because the prices of his necessities are kept low by subsidies costing around £335,000,000 a year. If subsidies went, the citizen would rapidly feel inflation. Eggs, for instance, would double in price. Potatoes and sugar would rise 50 per cent. And so on down the line. Remove rationing, and he'd feel the full blast of inflation as such things as meat and butter jumped in price beyond his capacity to pay.

Stick your head above the shield of subsidized, rationed or controlled necessities, including dwellings which rent under £150 a year, and you get it almost knocked off by the inflationary gale blowing in the unprotected free market—the zone where, if you want them, you have to pay asked prices for used motor cars, second-hand houses, jewels, furs, cigars, furnished flats, antiques, tailored suits, wines not M.O.F. imported and price-fixed, and popular shares traded in the stock market. One cantaloup costs the equivalent of a skilled worker's pay for a week's toil. That's inflation. But cantaloups are not among life's necessities. A Briton has only to work a day or two to earn the money to buy a pair of boots. But in China, where inflation runs free, it costs an army doctor two months' pay to buy a pair of leather shoes, while the price of rice in Chungking is up sixteenfold—which is equivalent to a British 1946 loaf costing nearer 4s. than 4½d.

There's a lot of money in inflation—if you know what it's all about. Currently, it's being made by free-market entrepreneurs. They buy, at what seems to the seller a tempting price. But they know where to resell, to the citizens who want things more than money: the sort of people who'll pay £200 for an old car that wouldn't fetch £20 pre-war.

They are, though, tiddlers compared to the predatory sharks which swam the inflationary tides of the 'twenties. Jimmy White was about the biggest of the pack active in the first inflation after the first World War. A hard, coarse, genial gambler, with remarkable luminous eyes, he knew nothing of this economic jargon, "inflation" and "deflation." All he did know was that war profits, wages, and bonuses had filled pockets, eager demand for necessities and luxuries was boosting prices, and you could sell almost anything to the citizenry, price practically no object; and the stock exchange was booming, everybody expected to get rich quick, buying shares that would rise and rise, for ever and ever, amen.

Jimmy White operated a pool in Dunlop shares—for wasn't there going to be a motor car boom? The shares soared from £4 to £14. He operated a pool in Mexican Eagles—they soared from £5 to £15, and the pool made six millions, of which Jimmy cut himself a large slice. Cotton mill owners who had (*Continued on page* 54)

A troupe of The Tiller Girls whose dancing was a high spot in many pantomime productions

Off to Paris.
English show girls
leaving Victoria station for Paris where
they appeared in the show, "Follies Montmartre"

When Will The Continent See

Les Girls—Again?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

"AND when," asked the Frenchman in the café, "do we see les Girls again? Ah, but what ravishing young creatures are your dancing girls anglaises! So fresh and gay and—is it possible?—virtuous! Paris will not be entirely herself again until les Girls are back!"

The same could be said of several other capitals and cities up and down Europe, where dozens of troupes, all modelled on the original Tiller recipe, danced their way into the hearts of future foes and friends alike, in the inter-war years. Some of those cities are now in sorry plight and quite unable to pay for any dancers other than their native Berlin, Viennese and Budapest girls; but other places with plenty of money, such as Scandinavia, Switzerland, France and Belgium would gladly see les Girls once more. And I'm not sure they weren't most popular of all in Italy.

If the British soldier is commonly regarded as our best ambassador, there is not much doubt who were our best ambassadresses. Foreigners found certain Englishwomen too stuck up and insular, others too dowdy and dull. But I never heard a word against les Girls unless it was from jealous rivals or from mothers angry at their sons' captivity. Wherever they went les Girls cheered up the atmosphere and were decorative and so obviously enjoyed themselves.

I made inquiries in London regarding future prospects of troupes returning to the Continent and farther afield. "They should be part of our export drive," I insisted, upon hearing of the difficulties. "Les Girls get publicised and make foreigners think happily of England and what is that but conditioning them into showing an interest in British goods and wares generally? Properly arrayed in tweeds, les Girls would send up textile orders. With a little imagination les Girls could be sent abroad as so many mannequins in addition to their dance appeal."

All this enthusiasm rather suprised the elderly agent who used to make up troupes before the war. He pointed out that seven years are a long time in a dancing girl's life, and that few of the hundreds who were working abroad in the late 'thirties are to-day both available and fit. "Many joined the Services. Some never returned at all. Others have married and settled down. But the majority have simply grown rusty or else it's good old anno domini. This kind of dancing can't go on much over thirty, if as long. We have got to train a new lot and that we've begun to do. You will see the best of them round at the Tiller School off Leicester Square."

There I learnt that other reasons besides the disbandment of the pre-war girls are delaying the return to foreign lands. In most countries it is extremely difficult for foreigners to get the requisite work cards. Again, there is the matter of wages. The average five pounds a week of the 'thirties is impossible of acceptance to-day. In Paris and Brussels it would barely cover a couple of days' living expenses, and that brings me to a third reason: the absence of hostels and of suitable protection in highly unstable times. The best-known hostel was that run in Paris by Canon Cardew who wrote an autobiography featuring "his charges" who were none other than les Girls of the Folies-Bergère and Casino de Paris.

There are, of course, no more hostels anywhere, and the smaller hotels which les Girls otherwise frequented, are all packed out.

I used to know les Girls in Paris and they agreed that the mainstay of their success was being looked after in the hostel, the provision of a home and club for them so that they didn't always have to be gadding round bars and the like. I used to watch them cooking their own meals, mending and laundering, when it would be apparent how much they also saved by this communal living. Each troupe (*Continued on page* 54)

In the dressing room. Youthful members of the chorus who appeared in the C. B. Cochran show "Big Top"

The Baillière Ring

Would It Have Been Kind To Have Told Her The Truth?

By C. Lloyd-Jones

SHE told me to take the jewellery and the money she'd won and put it in the safe downstairs

MR. DARLINGTON had cultivated a shy but sympathetic manner. He had cultivated it for over fifteen years in a fashionable jeweller's shop, and it hid a deep, amused knowledge of the women who had jewellery bought for them, or bought jewellery for themselves, or sold it. He was a bachelor.

On the first evening of his holiday he talked for a few minutes to Mrs. Thornton, who owned the hotel. She was probably nearly sixty, wearing a clever black frock, smart but not competing with her clients. Mr. Darlington saw a lot of clothes in Bond Street and liked them. He guessed that Mrs. Thorton had got someone very expensive to design a suitable uniform for a distinguished lady-innkeeper. And he would have liked to look more closely at her string of small, perfectly-graded cultured pearls.

He got the chance within a few days. Mrs. Thornton had grown friendly enough to unclasp it and throw it to him to catch.

"Did I pay too much for it? What's the good of having a young man who knows staying here if I can't get a bit of free advice?"

She was old enough to be his mother, and he felt at home with her. She laughed easily, and enjoyed his stories about his love of beautiful jewels, and about a lot of people who wore them.

They were in her own sitting-room, very modern and uncluttered, with a charmingly irrelevant pair of Victorian Staffordshire figures on the mantelshelf: Sankey and Moody, men of God, one with a black beard and the other with ginger whiskers. Mrs. Thornton looked as if she had seen a joke.

"I love your stories. You've got such a soft spot for bad women, haven't you? And you're so clever. You haven't really given away a single secret."

"But I never would. I'd be sacked on the spot. A jeweller's got to be as careful as a lawyer or a doctor sometimes."

"I wonder whether I dare tell you a story. I've enjoyed it for nearly forty years."

Mr. Darlington looked sympathetic. Without asking him, she refilled his liqueur glass. "Are you old enough to have heard of the Baillière ring?"

"My dear lady! You don't mean to say that you know what happened to it?"

"I was companion to Mrs. Alschenberg when she lost it. How I hated that woman, and her sleek husband. But the job was my bread-and-butter. I was a nicely-brought-up girl. Daddy was a parson who worked too hard; when he died I was nineteen and there was no money. Careers for young ladies were quite a new idea in those days; the idea certainly hadn't got as far as our county. I was a plain girl too, with all the wrong clothes and precious few of them, no asset to mother at all. So mother asked her brother what could be done with me, and her brother asked the man at the Turkish Bath I should think, and I found myself at the Alschenbergs. That woman was loud. You could be loud if you'd got money then."

"Yes. We've reset a lot of Edwardian jewellery." Mr. Darlington dismissed ten years of English taste.

"But it wasn't the cheerful vulgarity anyone can forgive: it was sheer jealous thrusting. I think she enjoyed keeping me near her because I was quiet and dull and afraid. She enjoyed humiliating me because—well—because I was a lady. Horatio Alschenberg wasn't too bad at first. I thought he was kind. But he was only being cautious. After all, I was straight from a rectory and dreadfully shy. I'm not flattering myself that he fell for me seriously. I was such a plain girl. But he certainly thought that I ought to fall for him. Oh dear, he had a face-full of black moustache, and he was all pomade and amber cigar-holder, and he used to get so hot. The first time he tried to kiss me I wrote and told mother I wanted to leave. But being a young fool, I daren't tell her why. She was

terrified of my never getting another job, and so was I. So I stayed; and when I'd pushed him away half a dozen more times he began to behave as if it mattered. Injured conceit, I suppose. Those men couldn't help preening themselves when they looked at a wage-earning young woman and expected her to be grateful.

"I'm sure Mrs. Alschenberg knew. I felt that she was enjoying my fright when he pestered me; and she knew I'd never say 'yes,' so she could enjoy watching his greed and self-importance tormented too. She might have objected if she'd thought I was likely to give in, because no girl, not even a plain one, would have agreed to Horatio for less than a diamond bracelet. And she wanted all the bracelets herself. I remember she showed her hand once and took hell out of him, and out of me, because he wouldn't tell her what he had bought me for Christmas. As if I wanted a Christmas present from him.

"Anyway, she needn't have worried. My present was Sankey and Moody—you see I've still got them. He thought it'd be a very funny gibe at my old-fashioned principles. She got the Baillière ring. He must have paid the earth for it."

"Yes. The figure is known, confidentially, of course. It was very, very valuable."

"It was very, very beautiful. Mr. Darlington, I was jealous. It wasn't right that that horrible woman should have anything so lovely. I wanted clothes, and jewels and pictures and finely-bound books and pineapples in cut glass and scents and horses to ride and a box at Covent Garden. And I'd nothing, except sometimes a smile from the old head gardener and the roses he cut for me to smuggle up to my room with its basket-chair and lino floor. I looked at my plain face in the glass and thought that if you took that woman's Ascot frocks off her and made her dress her own hair, took her jewels and her car and wiped the triumphant expression off her face, she'd be as plain as I was. I wasn't a bit Christian, was I? But it did me good to find out. I'd been pretending to myself that I only hated her because she was a beast. When she held out her hand for me to admire the Baillière ring at least I was honest. I was hating her because she'd got something beautiful I wanted.

"Still, I don't believe I'd have stolen it if she hadn't done something particularly beastly. Besides, I'd only got a rectory background and I couldn't think of a way to take it without being caught."

Mr. Darlington was always more interested in what happened than in the morality of it all. "Charming," he said, to encourage the rest of the story.

"A few nights later they'd been out at a baccarat party. She'd told me to wait up for her, and I'd sat up reading. It was after two when they came in and she rang for me to go to her boudoir. Horatio's high tight evening collar was limp at the corners because he'd got so

HE came round the table and said: "Please put this ten francs on for me. You're winning and my luck's out"

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

hot and his eyes were red and greedy. Mrs. Alschenberg had won more money than I've ever seen in one bundle in my life, even in that house. She looked at me in my poor little characterless frock and at Horatio, and she looked amused. She began to take her jewellery off, showing off every piece. She'd been wearing everything to sit at the baccarat table. I had to handle it all, putting it into the cases. She told me to take it and the money she'd won and put it in the safe downstairs. Then she said, 'You go with her, Horatio. It's rather a lot, isn't it?'

"That woman wasn't nasty by accident. Making me handle a fortune in jewellery and money, telling me in the next sentence that she didn't trust me with it, and sending Horatio to keep an eye on me. Her money, her jewellery, her husband. Knowing that he was quite capable of offering me her sapphires going down the

stairs. She couldn't have thought of a more malicious way of hitting at every bit of decency in me and tormenting every weakness.

"I was too angry to be frightened. When we got to the safe Horatio opened it. I put the jewel cases in one by one and made him count them. I showed that I was angry and because he wanted me to be nice to him before we went back to the boudoir, he did what I asked him. Then I gave him the money. 'Count that, please, before I put it away,' I said.

"'I don't know how much is supposed to be here. What's it matter?'

"'I expect Mrs. Alschenberg knows. And it matters a great deal to me.'

"'All right. To please you.'

"He was very quick counting the money: that was second nature to him. But I'd put the Baillière ring on a shelf just level with my hand. I stood with my back to the safe while he flipped through the wad of bank-notes, and only had to put a hand behind me to take the ring out again. It was so easy, only like a conjurer attracting your eyes to the ceiling while he's making the canary disappear off the table.

"I believe I only meant it to be a conjuring trick. I meant to give the ring back before I went to bed, and when I'd shown them how easy they were to fool I was going to leave. I couldn't stand any more. But I wanted to put that ring on once before I gave it back.

"I put it on the moment I'd locked myself in my room. I had beautiful hands, and I'd never had a ring in my life. Once I'd seen it on my own finger nothing would have made me give it back. I didn't know what I'd do with it. I could never let anyone see me wearing it. I could never have sold it: that would have been really wicked, to steal for profit. Besides, jewellers are cautious when they're offered very expensive diamonds by very poor girls, aren't they, Mr. Darlington."

"Not unnaturally, especially if the stones have been reported missing." Mr. Darlington had heard many tales of the money Alschenberg spent on agents to watch his wife's prim indignant little companion after the theft, and how people had said she was not as simple as she looked.

"Weren't you afraid of a search?" he asked in his most sympathetic manner.

"Not a bit. Poor Horatio never guessed what a useful present he'd given me. Hardly anyone notices that underneath the base of Staffordshire figures like old Sankey and Moody there's a small hole. I wrapped the ring in cotton-wool and worked it up inside Moody till you couldn't even feel anything there unless you raked round inside very carefully with a long crochet hook. You could shake him and shake him without the stuffing making a sound. Then I put him back alongside Sankey looking as solid and respectable as ever. The case went quite easily: the Alschenberg's plumbing was quiet and powerful. I wasn't going to burn it and leave little hinges or a hasp to be found if they raked through the ashes.

"All through the dreadful scenes they made when the ring was missed I only once nearly lost my nerve. I thought an insurance company might have to pay out. But it wasn't insured. Horatio had only just bought it and he was still haggling with the insurance company over the premium. Of course I was accused, but I told them to search everything I'd got and Horatio had to admit that he'd seen me put the ring in the safe before he locked it. They'd both got keys and they'd been separately to the safe once or twice before the ring was missed. It was lovely. Horatio lost his temper and accused her of selling the ring to get money for a dreadful young man who tinted photographs. I'd never thought of his being jealous: that made it all much better. She hit back by saying that he'd given the ring to me. That gave me an excuse to leave, and I took it, and Moody with the ring in his tummy under their very noses.

"I needn't have worried about another job. I got one in quite a nice vegetarian boarding-house near Cheltenham. Did you ever hear that the Baillière ring was supposed to bring luck to its rightful owner? It seemed to bring me luck from the first.

"Simply to have it made me feel different about life. I could never go out wearing it. But I could wear it in bed for a few minutes before I put my light out. I even bought short-sleeved nightdresses. Mr. Darlington, can you imagine those diamonds going with flannel to the wrist? It was so beautiful it made me try to teach myself to be better-looking, and never to own anything tawdry or ugly if I could help it. It was beautiful, and I'd won it shamelessly from horrible people. I grew confident as I'd never been before.

"Of course I couldn't go on for ever without letting someone see it on my hand. What woman could have? But I wasn't silly. After a year or two I was going to France for my holiday, to a little village with a few fishing boats and a tiny casino. Mother nearly died of disapproval. Her unmarried daughter going to France alone. Yet she'd let me go to the Alschenbergs' without a question. That's what a nice upbringing did for you in those days.

"I felt I'd be safe in my holiday village without a chance of anyone recognizing the ring. I wore it to play boule for francs at the little casino, just as that woman had worn it playing baccarat for hundreds of pounds. And it brought me luck. I met Tom that night, my husband.

"He looked so young. Rather knobby good looks, very brown, his hair sun-bleached and eyelashes like soot. He kept on looking at me, and I felt that it was me not the ring. He came round the table and said, 'Please put this ten francs on for me. You're winning and my luck's out.'

"I staked for him about a dozen times and won him two hundred francs. That was over eight pounds, then. I felt like a princess in a romantic novel. But quite abruptly he said, 'Thank you very much, good night,' (*Continued on page* 56)

Ballet dancers of The Sadler's Wells Company rehearsing on the stage at Covent Garden Opera House. On right is Ninette de Valois, the famous ballet dancer, who is now director of the Ballet

Covent Garden Is Re-Born

How The Royal Opera House Prepared For Its Re-Opening

By Josephine O'Donnell

A YOUNG R.A.F. man in uniform, spotless in pressed uniform with a stiff collar, had five minutes on the stage at Covent Garden Opera House last week with an audience of half a dozen people. His application form showed him to be rated "a light tenor." Of his highly expert audience, who held his immediate future in their hands, the uniformed youth asked that he might cast his collar. He might. He did, and he sang. The R.A.F. candidate was one of some twenty-five to thirty heard each day in June, many of whom are from the Services, and some of whom are women from the Services.

There is intense human interest behind the scenes at the Opera House in Covent Garden these days: not only the established stars and not only the brilliant brasshats among the new administrators of the great renaissance of British music are there, but the raw material of to-morrow's stardom . . . *the young men and women who have been coming for auditions*—and coming, many of them, from our Forces from the four corners of the earth. Take this—a typical Service case:

"Voice—bass. Volunteered as ordinary seaman 1940, commissioned 1941, married 1942, sent to Far East two months later, where has been recently acting as personal assistant to a high naval personage in Hong Kong. Wife, seeing Press notice about future opera plans, applied for an audition for her man 'when available.' Husband, as requested, sends details of career—a rather brief one—from the time he was a cathedral treble to the time when his newly blossomed bass voice was mainly used for sea shanties, but adds that he is sailing next day for home. Calculates that he may *just* make a certain audition in early summer, if H.M.S. *What-not* is up to time. She is. But the ex-naval rating, accustomed to the climate of Hong Kong, falls victim to a brute of a cold in our flaming June of 1946, and—on his fifth day at home—reluctantly says over the telephone that he supposes he must wait for July, after all, for his audition—but as he'd waited six years, he consoled himself that anyhow he could do with a couple of weeks' practice, when he *can* get a note out."

At the actual audition, what happens?

Candidates are invited about a week in advance to come to the stage door at such an hour on a certain morning—usually between ten and twelve-thirty, and they are heard at the rate of about ten to the hour. "An accompanist is provided," says the invitation, "but you are at liberty to bring your own should you so wish."

Every quarter of an hour or so a little conducted party of four or five is escorted from the stage door across the back of the stage behind the scenery set ready. One strong light is on over the centre of the stage, and the footlights are at half-power, so that the candidate is well seen, but not dazzled, when his turn comes to sing. The auditorium is rather dimly lit, just sufficiently for the three or four adjudicators seated about

Shored up during the war, the bridges (lifts) used in transformation scenes being overhauled for mechanical defects, and safety nets adjusted. There are five bridges each with an eight-foot lift, above the vast stage at Covent Garden

The "Cloth Rack" team making a test. They ride down under the stage to hook on a backcloth and the huge canvas is hauled to a height of 60 ft.
(Below) Scene painter Ron Hewson studies the artist's design between periods of work.

High up in the amphitheatre, sheets protected the red plush seats, but the gangways collected the dust of six years. Feminine thoroughness made it spick and span for opening night.
(Below) The "Crush Room" chandelier being restored to its former brilliance.

half-way down to one side of the centre gangway, to be able to write their notes.

At the far side of the stage the candidates are passed through a small iron door, across a few feet of lobby, and opening another ordinary door find themselves in the Stalls Circle, those three rows of seats slightly raised above the level of the Stalls proper and separated from them by a balustrade. There I take each one in tow and find him a place in the shadows of the third row.

Each candidate leaves directly he or she has sung.

"Next——!" And the singer is told to take his music out of its case, then on to the stage to find the piano towards the front . . .

"Number 15—Mr. Jack Rawlings" is called out over the balustrade, and a friendly voice comes from the dimmed stalls, "Right, Mr. Rawlings—and what are you going to sing?"

"I've brought the Flower Song from "Carmen," Sir—also the beginning of the third Act of "Tosca," and an aria from (*Continued on page* 58.)

(**Below**) Abraham Blesses Jacob. One of the van Meegeren "Vermeers" which was sold for 1,000,000 guilders.

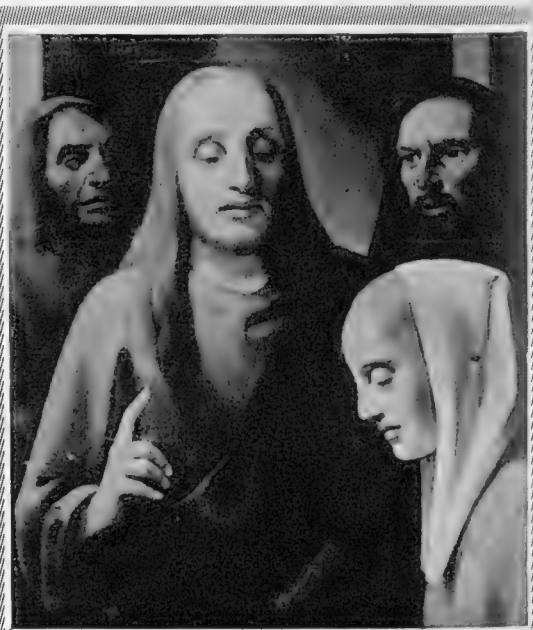
(**Above**) Van Meegeren's Emmausgangers, the picture that started the hoax. Praised to the skies by the international art world, which thought it was a newly-found Vermeer. After changing hands many times this picture was eventually bought by the Dutch State for 1,250,000 guilders.

(**Below**) The Adulterous Woman. Another van Meegeren "Vermeer" which was purchased by a German agent for the Hermann Goering Collection for 1,650,000 guilders.

ART HOAX WHICH COST THE WORLD MILLIONS

The Amazing Story of Han van Meegeren, the Painter Who is said to Have Made £600,000 by Fooling the Experts.

BY
HUMPHREY VAN LOO



Head of Christ. A preliminary study by van Meegeren to a much larger work on The Last Supper, sold for 400,000 guilders.

Footbath of Christ, which was purchased by the Rijksmuseum for 1,250,000 guilders.
(On right)
The Last Supper. Another "Vermeer." Sold for 1,600,000 guilders.

In 1939 van Meegeren decided to try his hand at another Dutch Master—Pieter de Hooch. He made use of a coloured copy of an interior in the National Gallery.

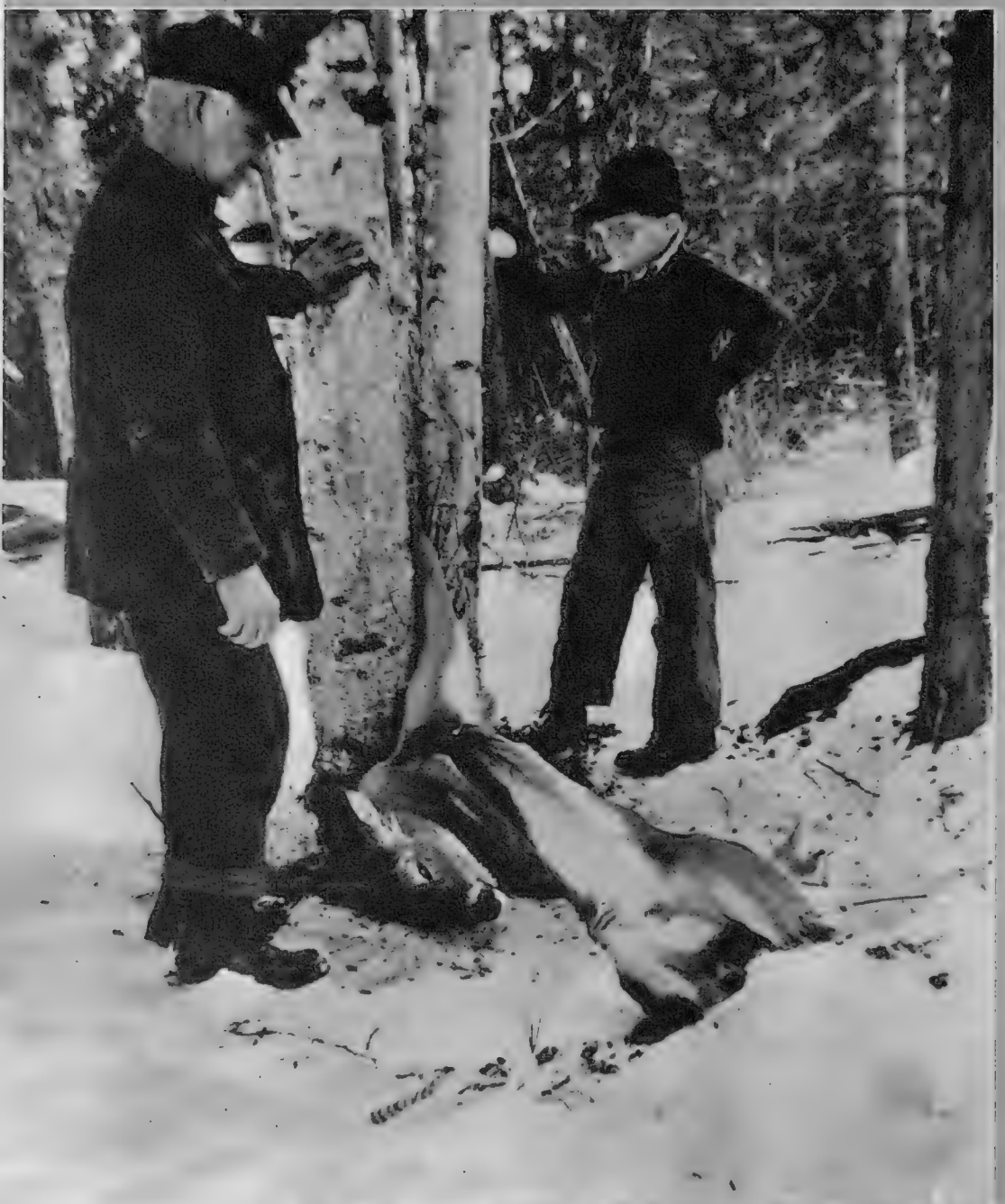
HAN VAN MEEGEREN, a small, nervous, chain-smoking Dutchman of fifty-seven, was comparatively unknown until he confounded the international art world by announcing that he was the author of many paintings which had been accepted by art experts as genuine old masters.

This amazing man is to be tried at Amsterdam, and it promises to be one of the most sensational trials in the long history of art disputes. The sums involved in the sale and re-sale of the paintings, which were accepted as being from the hand of Johannes Vermeer, the seventeenth-century master, run into millions.

Names of impeccable repute in the compact world of connoisseurship, names whose seal on a picture was a guarantee of authenticity, are about to totter. Modern techniques for uncovering art fakes—X-ray and chemical tests—have been proved ineffective at one blow. Finally, a state (in this case, the Dutch State) has been swindled to the tune of millions. And so has Hermann Goering, who bought one of van Meegeren's "Vermeers" for 1,650,000 guilders.

It is not every day that a man can claim, as van Meegeren does, to have made nearly a clear 6,000,000 guilders (about £600,000) out of fooling the expert.

The astonishing thing about the case is van Meegeren's virtuosity. His skill amounts to genius. For he is far more than a clever forger. (*Continued on page* 68.)



Birds dashing at break-neck speed through a wood in pursuit of another bird sometimes spear themselves to death on a sharp stub of a tree ; the above picture shows a cormorant which has accidentally strangled itself.

Accidental Death

Fatal Misadventures to Birds and Beasts

By Frank W. Lane

Met its death by starvation. While reaching up to eat the foliage of a small cedar-tree a foot slipped and became inextricably wedged.

(On right) A 6-in. garter snake battling to release itself from the web woven by a Black House spider.

"DEATH by Misadventure" must be the verdict on many deaths of wild animals. Illness, the hunter's bullet, the trapper's snare, and, above all, the attacks of predatory birds and animals, no doubt account for the greatest proportion of wild-life mortality, but accidents also take their toll.

Accidents connected with food and its pursuit are of frequent occurrence. Birds sometimes capture prey which they would have been wiser to leave alone. That plucky little fighter, the weasel, sometimes finds itself suddenly lifted from the earth in the talons of a hawk. But while there is life in its little body, there is

danger for the hawk. While high above the earth, and gripped firmly in the living grapnels of a hawk's talons, a weasel is quite capable of wriggling into a position where it can sink those needle-sharp incisors into its enemy's vitals.

Another dangerous item on the avian menu is the eel. A heron, seizing a fair-sized specimen by one end, had its neck broken when the eel's other end wrapped itself round the bird's long neck. A merganser died when it caught an elver only two and a half inches long. One half of the elver became plugged in one of the bird's nostrils and the other got stuck halfway down its throat.

The spectacular nose-dive of the gannet, as it plummets into the sea for its prey, can easily cause death if anything goes wrong in the last few split-seconds of the dive. One gannet speared a guillemot that flew beneath the gannet as it dived. The gannet was eventually washed ashore with the body of the guillemot draped around its neck. Sometimes a gannet will run its beak into the open mouth of a fish. Another once dived on a garfish, and the sharp upper mandible of the fish passed obliquely through the bird's eye and pierced its brain.

Two bull moose with locked horns discovered by a wildlife agent of the Alaska Game Commission, who spotted the fighting bulls from a plane. Landing, he approached them with two assistants and sawed through the horns and freed the moose

The high speed of these birds renders such accidents possible. The same consideration applies to birds of prey and their quarry. Hawks, dashing at break-neck speed through a wood in pursuit of another bird, sometimes spear themselves to death on a branch or sharp stub of a tree. A crow has similarly been found dead with one of its wings impaled on a spike of a dead branch.

Strange as it may sound, some animals appear to die through not looking where they are going! Kangaroos often look over their shoulder when travelling at high speed, and are sometimes killed before they know what hit them. Rabbits likewise are occasionally killed when they collide with obstacles they fail to see in their haste.

HARES are the worst offenders in running where they are not looking. Such a habit is, of course, easy to understand. A hare is very fleet of foot and, being therefore able to outrun almost any foe, its only danger lies in the rear. So, as it runs, it keeps a watchful eye behind it. But this habit sometimes has dire results. Two hares, equally oblivious of where they were going, collided at full tilt. They both died—one from a broken neck. Another hare collided with a dog and again the result was a broken neck—for the hare. One hare actually ran into an old country lady as it fled from pursuing dogs.

Incidentally, even birds occasionally collide in mid-air. The occurrence must be rare, but I have seen several accounts of such accidents, in some of which one or both birds have been killed. Two ducks, for example, collided over a cricket field, and one of them fell dead on the pitch. This must have been one of the very rare times when a duck was other than a tragedy at cricket!

SMALL ground mammals have their tribulations from vegetation. A dead mouse has been found impaled on a spine of a trailing prickly pear, and squirrels sometimes die through getting sharp burrs stuck in their bodies. Other small mammals, as well as occasional birds, become entangled with grasses and stalks, and are held prisoners until they die.

Even large animals occasionally have serious trouble with their natural surroundings, especially with trees. Two hunters in Northern Rhodesia heard one night a rending crash followed by an elephant's scream. In the morning they found an elephant's tusk lying at the base of a tree which was split. The tusk was bloody but unbroken, and appeared to have been drawn completely from the elephant's head. Evidently the elephant had smashed into the tree and its tusk had been driven in so deeply that when the great beast had backed away the tusk had been pulled from its socket.

Even bears are sometimes trapped by trees. One bear found a squirrel's store of nuts in a hole in a tree. In its eagerness to get them the bear got its head stuck fast in the hole, and was released only when the hole was carefully enlarged with an axe. Had human aid not been available the bear would certainly have died.

Cracks in trees, or between two trees standing close together, also cause trouble to deer. While reaching up to eat the foliage a foot may slip and become inextricably wedged in the tree. One deer was found dead, hanging by its neck from a large crack in a tree stump. Presumably it had slipped while feeding and had been unable to free itself. Another deer was found dead with its head jammed inside an opening in a tree. It had managed to get its head in, but had been unable to withdraw it.

A hazard peculiar to male deer and antelope occurs during the rutting season. At this time the bucks fight fierce duels, during which they bow their heads and engage their horns. Sometimes the tines become so firmly interlocked that the most desperate efforts fail to free them, and the deer die of exhaustion and starvation. The horns are sometimes so tightly locked that when the carcases are found, two men are unable to pull the horns apart.

Wires of various kinds kill many birds. The speed at which birds fly renders any collisions with such obstacles almost invariably fatal. Even large animals sometimes have trouble with wires. Thus in Northern Uganda giraffe have been killed through becoming entangled with telegraph wires.

The heads of a pair of fifteen- and sixteen-pointed bucks which met their death through getting their horns locked whilst fighting

AS she was coming downstairs Charles had emerged from the library, a finger marking his page, and had stood looking up at her

Meeting At Night

A Romance Of Mistaken Identity In The Moonlight

By Margot Neville

KATRINE LORIMER walked slowly the half-mile from the post office along the sunken road bordered by hedges of briar enclosing the ripening fields. Although it was early yet the night was so still that the smallest sound carried for miles—a train whistling, a voice in the distance, a dog barking. The everyday sounds seemed to take on a new significance, a secret meaning like accented points in a fairy tale. The nightingale singing in a grove of beeches in the field beyond the church sounded absurdly near—and almost absurdly sentimental.

You could see things for miles, too, it seemed to Katrine, in this moonlight spread over the landscape like a bridal veil of shimmering white lace, veiling beauty in its hour of perfection.

It was the quality of the night that had called her out with the excuse of posting a letter. The moonlight had beckoned, promising something unusual, something exquisite, she didn't know what. For quite a long time after dinner she had resisted this strange new restlessness, half angry with herself for wanting, even for a minute, something more than the calm happiness her life had to give her.

But at last she had let the impulse take her.

As she was coming downstairs Charles had emerged from the library, a finger marking his page, and had stood looking up at her.

"Hullo, sweetheart, where are you off to?"

"Just to the village to post this note. I want it to catch this evening's mail."

"Can't I take it for you?"

"Thanks awfully, darling, but as a matter of fact, I'd rather like the walk. It's such a grand night."

"Oh, well, if you really want to."

He hadn't offered to go with her. Charles always knew intuitively what she was feeling, so he'd known that she'd wanted to walk out and be alone in this white magic, this fairy-tale world.

She had hurried on to the porch and quietly pulled the door shut behind her, and he had gone back to the library, to his reading lamp and his book.

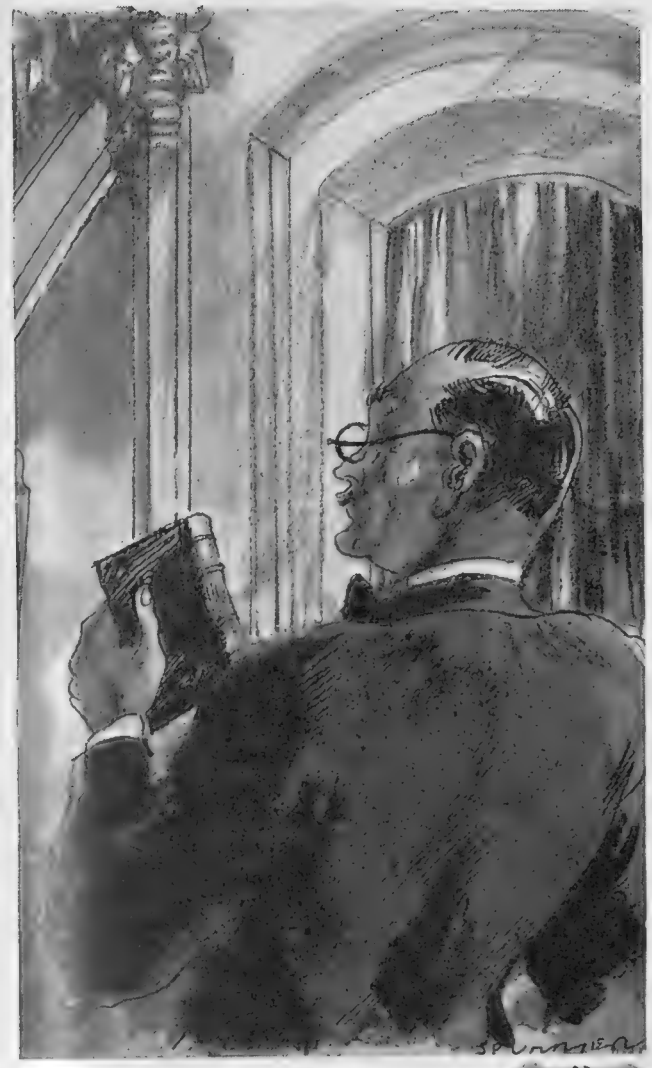
Now, caught in this silver web of silence, she was dawdling along on her way back, sauntering along lazily, humming a little tune under her breath.

It wasn't until she was nearly home—within a few yards of the gates of the park—that she noticed there was someone, a man, coming up the road behind her.

Katrine half-stopped and glanced back, expecting it to be someone she knew. Was there anyone around here whom she didn't know? But the tall broad-shouldered figure was unfamiliar. Or anyhow, she thought, it's only an illusion that you can see things in the moonlight. You really can't. Nothing is quite real, quite itself, on a night like this—neither the outer aspect of things nor your own self.

If it was someone she knew, she thought, he would hail her and speak, seeing her go in at the gates of the Grange.

But the man came on without speaking, and she walked through the big gates and started up the avenue of chestnuts,



She turned quickly and faced him. They were still in the thick twilight of the last trees of the avenue. She drew back a little without speaking. She was a shade nervous, or expectant or something.

He said again: "Katrine. Katrine Fanning."

She said quickly: "Katrine Lorimer."

"Why, yes, I knew that—that you were married. The news of your marriage got through to me soon after, in New York."

"In New York!" There was a breathless note in her voice. "New York?" And then: "Raymond Opie?"

"Yes. Don't say you didn't know me again, Katrine. I can't believe that twenty years have made as much difference as that."

It certainly would have been hard to believe that he had ever been more pleasing to look at than he was now in his early forties—tall, spare, and yet powerfully built, quietly sure of himself and of things in general, as a man may be who has measured himself steadily against life, and found himself equal to everything it has to oppose him with.

She stood quite still, looking at him, trying to absorb the shock of seeing him here. He waited for her to speak but she didn't say anything. The silence had a thin-drawn quality, as though she were too disturbed to find the right words and wouldn't, on any account, allow herself to say the wrong ones.

She turned away and walked quickly across the lawn on to the middle terrace, and he followed her over the cool thick grass.

In a minute she came back and faced him again. There was a lot of ill-concealed heat in her voice as she said: "Why did you come here? Did you think——"

"Maybe I can tell you that."

"You might have known that you had no right to come here . . . none at all."

"But surely after twenty years," he began.

She stopped him. "What's that got to do with it? Twenty years? How does that alter things? You can't expect to do what you did and think that a few years is going to wipe it all out as though it hadn't happened."

He said quietly: "No, not quite that. That's not exactly what I thought."

"Well, what then?" she challenged.

"Well, I guess it's been on my mind for a long time—to come here and see Katrine Lorimer and try to explain——"

"There's nothing to explain, nothing to be said."

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

her footsteps making no sound on the leaf-padded drive.

In there you couldn't hope to see anything more than a few feet away from you. There were only occasional splashes of light through the laced boughs in their full summer leaf.

For a moment Katrine paused to hear if the man on the road had passed the gates and was going on. But she checked this sudden impulse to listen, to walk a little faster, this temptation to look back and assure herself of being alone in the warmly protecting environ of her own home. She had always rather despised those nervous women who fear a possible assailant, a bad man, in every stranger in a lonely place at night. It was only that people said that since the war the roads weren't the same, not so safe.

She went on.

The avenue unwound in the darkness, every yard of it was known to her as the pattern on the Persian rugs in the hall, every tree as familiar as the pictures on the walls.

She came presently to where it opened out, with, ahead, the gravel drive up to the house, and on the left the gardens in three terraces with stone parapets between and walks of flowering myrtles and rhododendrons.

At that moment the man stepped out of the shadows and spoke:

He spoke her name: "Katrine."

AT that moment the man stepped out of the shadows and spoke

"Isn't there, though?"

"No. You can only cause trouble. So will you please go away now and forget that you came, that you made this attempt, or saw this place again, or me . . . or anything."

Even the dimness couldn't play down the emotion on her face, the fire in her glance. Once again, as though dismissing him, she turned and walked along the terrace, her head bent and her eyes lowered to the grass. She pulled off a tall daisy head as she passed and scattered its petals.

Raymond Opie waited, perched on the edge of the stone parapet that separated this terrace from the one below. He put a hand into his pocket for his cigarettes, but changed his mind and drew it out.

It was hard to believe in anger—impossible to be moved by it—on this trance-like night, in the warm air full of the scents of stocks and plushy petunias, of syringa and yellow roses that the light turned to a ghostly white—all mixed with this pale unearthly beauty from above, as though some metamorphosis had taken place in the garden so that the scents came from the dead silver world in the sky, the pale light from the roses and the pith-white phlox in the border.

Katrine came slowly back, looking almost ghostly herself in her floating frock of creamy lace. She didn't look so emotional now—nor so sure of herself, either.

He got up and stood looking down at her in silence. There is no advantage so powerful as silence.

She said: "I'm sorry if I was ill-mannered and angry but——"

"Why be sorry? That's the way you feel."

"Yes, I know, but——"

"But you had to let yourself go a bit and not let me down too lightly, eh?"

She could see the half-smile on his mouth—a mouth on which the years had stamped an expression of kindness and humour. He came to her side, touched her arm and they turned into the rhododendron walk with the soft grassed path underfoot and overhead the glossy leaves and crisp shell-like blossoms.

He said in that quiet voice that sounded so cool and unruffled in her ears: "Well, anyhow, I'm here now, walking here with you, and however unwelcome I may be I mean to say some of the things I've had on my mind——"

"I told you I don't want to talk about it or listen," she said again, but her tone was weak, carrying no conviction.

Taking no notice he went on: "If I've really been annihilated, as you say, by my conduct and haven't even the right to put my case, let's talk about it as though we were talking of two other people, not the real actors in the drama at all."

"I fail to see why that should——"

"You're wrong. That's the only way, ever, to see yourself and your actions objectively."

"Oh, I find it's usually quite easy to be objective about one's own shortcomings—if by that you mean find excuses for them."

"Listen a minute, Katrine. Don't get all worked up again. We're talking about a young man of twenty years ago, not me. Is that agreed?"

"If you wish. All right, go on."

"Well, this boy was only twenty-three, a rather young twenty-three, don't forget. He fell in love with a girl, crazily, romantically—not very realistically, maybe, and——"

She flared: "That's cheap—to sneer at it now!"

"No, no, I'm not belittling his love, but I must explain its quality. For him she was a kind of object of prayerful worship, and yet somehow—how he ever had the courage I don't know—they got engaged. Then circumstances forced him to go away and leave her and——"

"Circumstances!"

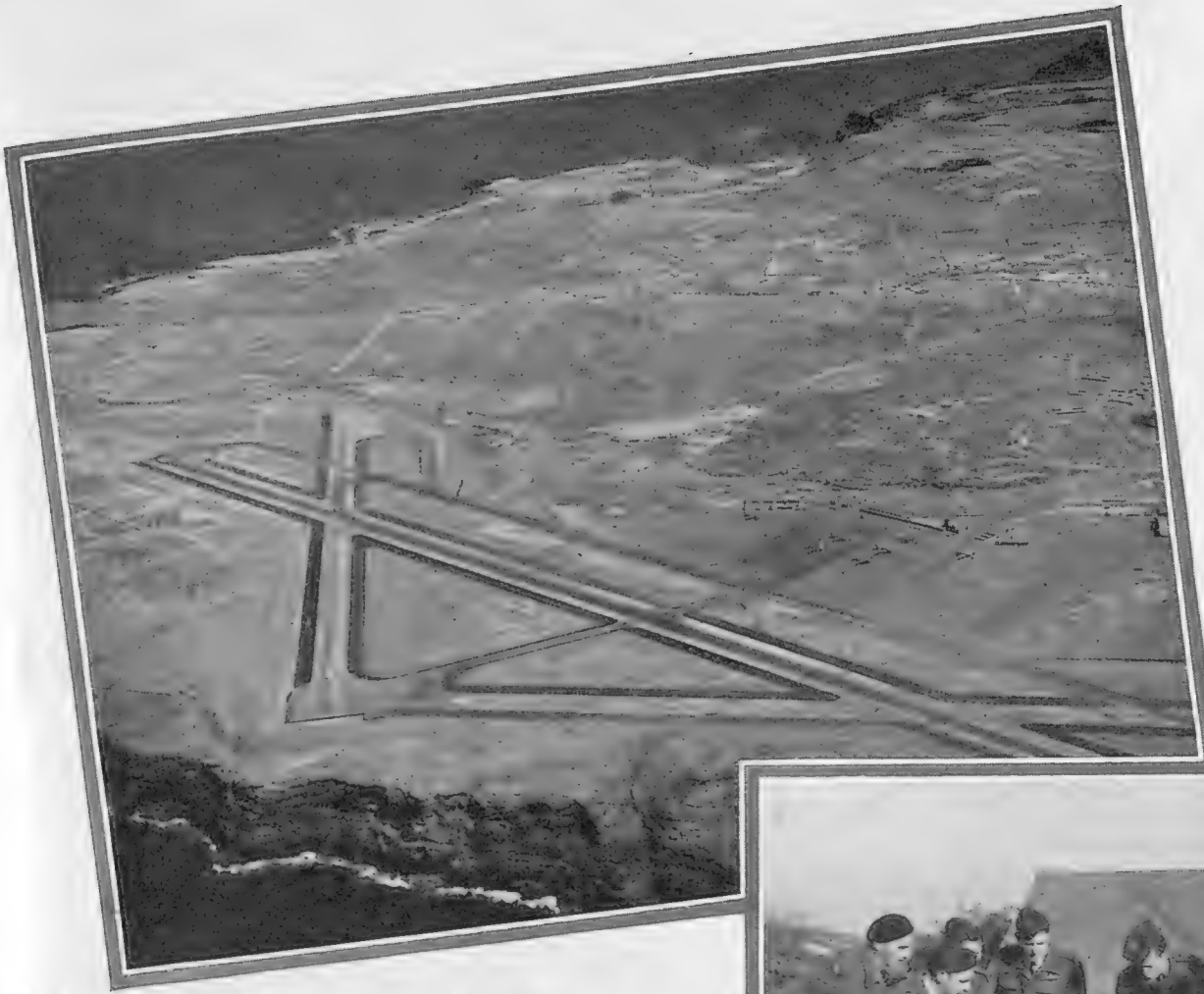
"Yes, the fact that he hadn't got a thing to lay on the goddess's altar—only a full heart and an empty purse. A fact like that can have quite a lot of kick behind it, believe me."

"Yes, perhaps, for some people."

He paused and looked at her with grave mock severity. He said: "If I didn't hate a mixed metaphor I'd say that a girl who's born with a silver spoon in her mouth may sometimes be rather blinded by it to other people's crude financial troubles."

"That's not so. (*Continued on page* 61)

THEY came to the end of the walk, stood a moment looking across the dreaming landscape and turned and walked back



A half-way home on the North Atlantic route. The airfield built by the United States on the cliffs on Santa Maria Island in the Azores. Before this airfield was established the R.A.F., in its attack on German submarines, used an emergency landing field on the island of San Miguel

(Below) The birth of the *Atlantic Echo*, a newspaper founded by the R.A.F. soon after their arrival in the Azores. The picture shows the first editorial conference, with the Editor-in-Chief seated in the centre. The newspaper was planned to keep the men in the islands informed on current affairs during their temporary isolation

How The "Atlantic Gap" Was Bridged

A Wartime Story From The Azores Now Fully Revealed

By Harry J. Greenwall

ONE of the most fascinating of all the hushed up operations of the second World War was what is known as the Bridging of the Atlantic Gap, the usage of some islands in the Azores in the North Atlantic, roughly 1,250 miles from the coast of Portugal, to whom these islands belong. Even now, more than a year after the end of hostilities, it is not allowed to publicise all the details of the Anglo-American-Portuguese operation, but it has been allowed to this writer to marshal in due order most of the hitherto unreleased facts.

It is conceded by British authorities that the usage of the bases in the Azores for combined naval and air operations made victory for the Allies more certain, and shortened the war by many months.

The story begins in the month of May, 1943, when the German radio was gleefully giving imitations of the bell that tolls at Lloyd's when ships go down in the deep. Many, very many Allied ships were going down every day, all because of what was known as the "Atlantic Gap."

The Atlantic Zone is composed of a strategic triangle, the apex is Penzance, in Cornwall; one side of the triangle is the Azores and the other Casablanca. For lack of air bases, German U-boats were able to attack Allied convoys steaming through the "Gap" to the Mediterranean, Africa and India; convoys from North and South America, as well as those steaming between Europe and the Panama Canal Zone.

So immune from attack were the U-boats that they used to surface off the Azores while officers and men sun-bathed on the decks until their prey was signalled, and then the U-boats went into the attack.

The lack of Allied air bases and the ease with which the U-boats could surface with immunity were of yet further disservice to British shipping during the Battle of the Atlantic; the German *Unterseeboten* were able to remain away longer from their bases as they had less need to refuel. That then was the situation when the Churchill Cabinet requested the then British Ambassador at Lisbon, Sir Ronald Campbell, to call on the Portuguese Premier—dictator Dr. Salazar—and to try to negotiate with him the granting of air bases on the Atlantic islands of the Azores.

Dr. Salazar must have been expecting some such approach. Over in Washington, Senators and Congressmen had been talking about the need for seizing the islands, but Dr. Salazar had quietly been dispatching a large part of the Portuguese Army to the Azores. It is probable that if an attempt to seize the islands had been made, the Portuguese Army would have defended the Azores; whether such a defence would have been a "token" defence or otherwise does not signify, because if Dr. Salazar had not defended the Azores it is fairly certain that the Germans would have occupied Portugal.

It is a pertinent question now why Hitler did not occupy the Iberian Peninsula in 1940, and possibly that query will never be answered; but the other question, why did not Portugal declare war against Germany in 1940 as she did in the first World War may be answered now.

The Portuguese Government was perfectly well aware of the weakness of the French Army in 1939, and did not feel at all safe.

Sir Ronald Campbell had been Ambassador to Paris until the fall of France, and in his (*Continued on page* 62)

Veni, Vidi, Vicki

An Air Pilot On A Try Out Trip Makes Good In More Ways Than One

By Robert J. Hogan

PETE HEISER turned his snub nosed, freckled face up towards the nearby clock in La Guardia Terminal and noted the hour. There was still lots of time before he'd have to go over the flight plan to Miami with McCann. He felt good about that. The longer he could put off flying to Miami as first officer, with McCann as captain, the better he'd like it. McCann was a tough, old guy. He was checking Pete through on his first run as a new co-pilot of the line. McCann didn't seem to like youngsters who had been flying the Hump. He didn't think they'd make good airline first officers. He'd said so in a lecture at the end of Pete's course and he'd looked at Pete. The rest of the switchover pilots in Pete's class had all been bomber pilots before coming with the line.

A trim, little stewardess of the line, haughty as a Milgrim model, came walking by. She held her head high. She wasn't exactly a ravishing beauty but she was plenty cute enough if you liked women, which Pete did not. With all her assurance, she had a sweet way about her that did something to Pete, which, as a woman hater, he resented. She seemed too sure of herself and, after what Mary had done to him, he hated to see any girl too certain about anything.

Pete had a little devil in him that popped out at wrong moments, like goose pimples, and did him no good. Now, it made him want to pull that firm chin and tipped-up nose down to earth. So, because of what Mary had done to him and because this stewardess looked the type who would be annoyed, Pete whistled at her.

The stewardess stopped. She turned and came back, and Pete sensed a sudden tightening in his abdomen like the time his fourth-grade teacher had caught him throwing a water-soaked ball of paper.

The stewardess came back and stood before him.

Pete said, "Hullo," because it was the only thing he could think of to cover his confusion.

She took her time. She looked him over from the well-polished black Oxfords, up his five-eleven of dark blue airline uniform and sheepish face to his airline cap set at a slightly jaunty angle. She said, "You're new here, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Pete said, trying to put enough self-assurance in his voice to match her.

She tilted her head slightly, like a curious wren, and she said, "I'm terribly afraid you won't last."

She turned then and went her way and Pete looked after her. An unpleasant chill passed over him, then a voice came from behind Pete saying, "We don't do that sort of thing here," and it was McCann bearing down on him.

McCANN was an old-timer on the line. He was an old man. He must be at least thirty-five—maybe forty—and he looked down his nose at Pete the way Pete's old man had always looked at him.

The little devil in Pete broke out of confinement, and prodded him so that he gave McCann a wise look, saying, "Pardon me. Your daughter, no doubt?"

McCann just looked at him a half-second longer, then he said, "We'll check the flight plan," as if he had something to get over as quickly as possible. McCann walked off towards Operations.

Pete felt suddenly *very* low. He felt like a worm following McCann. He said, "McCann, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be so wise."

McCann said, "Forget it," without turning.

Pete had been feeling low ever since he'd come back from flying the Hump. Now his morale hit bottom and the future looked black as a parlour full of sin.

Perhaps the main reason why he'd been feeling so low was the fact that he didn't want to make a failure of anything. Specifically, he must not make a failure of what was before him. He hated failures, and he didn't want his old man to look down his nose at him, but most of all he didn't want to have to go back to his father's little farm up along the Hudson and pick strawberries.

Pilots were thick as starlings in a mulberry tree, and you had to be good to get on an airline and stick. If he failed, there wasn't anything else he knew but strawberries.

There was another bad angle to going home. There was Mary, married to the young farmer on the place next to Pete's father's. He'd always be seeing her around. It wasn't that he'd be bothered by any love for her though. He really hadn't been madly in love with Mary. He hadn't felt like bailing out without a 'chute over the Himalayas when Mary had written him that she was marrying his next-door neighbour. It was more that her doing so had broken down his faith in all young females. It had also given his old man a chance to write him, saying, "Of course, if you'd stayed home and worked in the strawberries instead of hopping off all over the face of the earth, you wouldn't have lost Mary." His old man would never let him forget that and, anyway, the heck with Mary. He'd

PETE said in his mike, "We're turning back, Savannah, we're turning back to land at Columbia," and he felt good about it in spite of McCann heckling him

been able to see, since, that she wasn't any girl for him.

But his old man had always been like that. When Pete, as a kid, had wanted to grow up to be engineer on the Twentieth Century Limited highballing down through Rhinecliff, past the strawberry beds, his father had just laughed at him. It had been the same way when Pete had wanted to learn to fly. His father had said, "What do you know about flying? If you didn't break your neck you'd be back picking strawberries in a month."

Pete had saved up his money and had learned to fly and he'd worked hard and he'd done all right flying the Hump and then, after two years of it, Pete had come home and his father had said, "Now you get that out of your system. Time you settled down to strawberries." And when Pete announced that he'd been accepted to start switchover school to try to make himself a first officer on the air line, his old man had smiled wisely and said, "Try it if you want to, but you'll be back."

So Pete and McCann went over the flight plan to Miami. The meteorologist gave them the weather report on the run. It was good as far as Columbia. They went out to their transport plane and their stewardess was waiting for them. She was the girl with the turned-up nose and the firm, little chin that Pete had whistled at.

Pete hadn't realized that her eyes were such a clear blue. She looked straight at him and she half-smiled.

McCann said, "I believe you two have met," and there was caustic malice in his tone.

Her eyes danced a little now, as if the joke was on Pete. She said, "Yes, in a way. But I don't believe I caught the name."

"Pete Heiser," Pete said.

"Vicki Farrell," she said.

McCann went on up the long aisle of the transport and left them.

"Thanks for being nice to me," Pete said. "I don't deserve it."

She gave him a soft, warm smile. "That's all right," she said. He lingered a split second, then turned to go up the aisle. She said, "Good luck."

Pete's heart did a little handspring and his throat got suddenly dry and toneless. He said, "Thanks," but it came out more like a frog croak. He went on up and took his seat on the right in the pilot's compartment.

There were reports and checks with the chief mechanic and then the engines started and McCann said, "Take her up to ramp seventeen," and from his tone, he might as well have added, "I double dare you."

Pete opened the throttles a little and started the big transport on her way but his mind was divided between what he was doing and that stewardess, Vicki. He said to himself, "You dope, forget her. She'll only mess you up. Women are not for you."

So he thought about how swell she was to him—how nice and sweet and kind when all the rest of the world seemed against him, and he stopped the transport a good twenty feet too far away from the loading zone and McCann looked over at him, just a quick glance, that said, "Where did you learn to taxi a plane?"

The passengers were getting in. Vicki was showing them to their seats. She checked them off on the chart board that she held in the crook of her left arm.

Pete glanced back once and he felt his temperature rising and he got busy with more reports and checks and he cursed himself for being such a fool.

They got the signal from the tower to taxi down for the take off. McCann gave him the nod. He said, "Take her down."

Pete gripped the yoke. He set his mind on his task. What task? There wasn't anything to taxi-ing down and half-turning so they were nosed into the wind. But he tried to get his mind off that little girl in her blue uniform and he sent the transport trundling down and McCann said, "We haven't all day to taxi."

Pete reached for the throttles and then he remembered that on an airline, safety was everything, so he only increased the speed slightly and felt that one sock on that rock jaw of old man McCann's would be worth throwing up the whole works for.

McCann took her off and they climbed and Pete made his first check point and he'd just finished that when McCann said, "Take over," and let Pete fly her on course until time for the next check point, then he took over.

They played along like that, McCann sitting like an iron robot, grim and silent except for a word or so of correction or complaint now and then.

When they were loaded at Washington Vicki came up to the cockpit door. She stepped inside. She said, "Safety belts are all fastened, captain."

"Thanks, Vicki," McCann said.

Pete tried not to turn and look at her. But Pete did turn and look at her and he got a smile before she went back into the cabin. The smile from Vicki made Pete almost forget where he was. McCann said something to him and he had to ask, "What did you say, sir?"

"Take her down and take off."

Pete tried to forget Vicki. He tried to keep his mind on his work. He taxied down and when the signal came from the tower again he opened the throttles and started her on her way.

"Always take off without your flaps down?" McCann said.

Pete collected himself. He said, "Yes, sir, until I get going."

McCann looked over at him. Pete had lowered his flaps. He picked the big transport off and he said, "Okay. I forgot." And then he almost alibied that McCann had him so rattled he didn't know what he was doing. But he didn't say that because that wasn't true, either.

McCann said, "Don't forget to fold your landing gear."

"No, sir," Pete said. He said more that was the truth. He said, "I got a habit of leaving the gear down a little longer. Once flying the Hump——"

"You're not flying the Hump now."

Pete had the gear folding up. He clenched his teeth and took it. McCann watched him. He let him fly on to Richmond, and there McCann took over and made the landing and took off again, and Pete sat there and the sweat ran down his back and life was a very unpleasant experience until, while they flew on automatic pilot, he glanced back. He couldn't help looking back at Vicki at this moment, it seemed. He'd been wanting to have another look at her all the way from Washington and now he looked.

Vicki was making up trays of lunch for the passengers. He could just see her at the counter at the far end of the cabin passage. He couldn't help thinking how nice she'd look in a kitchen. The thought angered him because he'd never quite pictured any girl in a kitchen before—not even Mary.

"Cut it out, you fool," he said.

McCann said, "Check point at Moccasin Lake if you don't mind."

"Yes, sir," Pete said. He made his report and tried to forget Vicki and McCann let him land at Raleigh and he let him take off again and Pete bounced the big plane, just a hair, in landing, but he got his flaps down before the take-off and he folded his landing gear just about right, or at least McCann didn't say anything against it. (*Continued on page* 64)

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

HE ordered coffee and doughnuts when Vicki came over with her coffee cup and she took the stool next to him. She said, "Where've you been?"

TAKING A VEIL

IT is the duty of a good hat to make the wearer look more beautiful. The right hat, carefully synchronised with the right occasion, will do just that. Now, having combined the hat and the occasion, the addition of a cleverly-arranged veil raises the tone of the whole thing on to a basis of pure glamour.

Here is the story of a veil and four hats : (1) A cocktail hat with filmy net, edged with ribbon velvet, arranged as a cascade to frame the face. (2) Draped across the crown of a brown felt, encircled with flowers, and tied demurely under the chin. (3) Lace arranged halo-wise on a ruched velvet, back-of-the-head cap. (4) Veiling over the face on a felt bowler and tied with a draw-string at the back. Hats designed and lent by Gertrude Harris.

BY WINIFRED LEWIS

A VILLAGE POINTS

The village store and post office—a delightful architectural feature of the community, which has no other shops within its boundaries. (**Below**) One of the charming cottages, embowered in trees, of which there are three types of varying accommodation.

THIS is the story of a social experiment completed before the war. In that sense it is not a new story, but in its relation to topics of immediate interest it is very hot news.

Here is an experiment completed and successful, an existing, flourishing justification for the claim that, given an imaginative approach, backed by cool-headed efficiency, the housing and social problems of a community can be solved in one sweeping combined operation.

It is true that this beautiful English model village was planned and created in circumstances free from the problems of labour and material shortage which beset our planners to-day—but let that pass. It is the *idea* behind this experiment that is important and, I believe, immensely significant to all who are interested and, perhaps, apprehensive of the results of the great building avalanche ahead of us.

There is nothing in the design or equipment of this estate which even approximates to luxury or uneconomic idealism. It is practical, beautiful and financially sound—but hear the whole story.

Twelve years ago the two major problems confronting the Sussex community adjacent to what is now the new village were housing and unemployment, in that order.

A few members of the local rotary club got together to devise, if possible, an independent scheme of action which would at least alleviate this local distress. They found one. The new village was the answer.

It happened, fortuitously, that forty-two acres of woodland were for sale outside the town. Men were found with faith in the scheme who were willing to invest money in it. An architect was

(**Left**) The Community Centre successfully unites the village in neighbourly social activities. A view of the billiards-room, looking through to the bar and lounge. (**Above**) A general view of the main street, showing a block of flats.

THE WAY

found, the decks cleared for action, and the birth of a village began.

Eighty-five per cent. of the local unemployed at that time were building trade operatives. Here was work for them. Fifty men, in fact, were kept in employment for seven years while Franklands village was building.

The charm of this estate in its lovely woodland setting is only partly conveyed by pictures. They cannot show with what care the houses and flats have been disposed to make the best use of lovely vistas, or how the road winds amid trees between grass verges so that in the main street one might be in a country lane.

There are cottages of three types, the rents of which are 17/9 per week, inclusive.

There are flats, built in blocks of four, which from outside have the appearance of large cottages. These are specially designed for the use of old people and elderly bachelor women. The highest rent for a two-bedroom flat is 12s. 10d. a week.

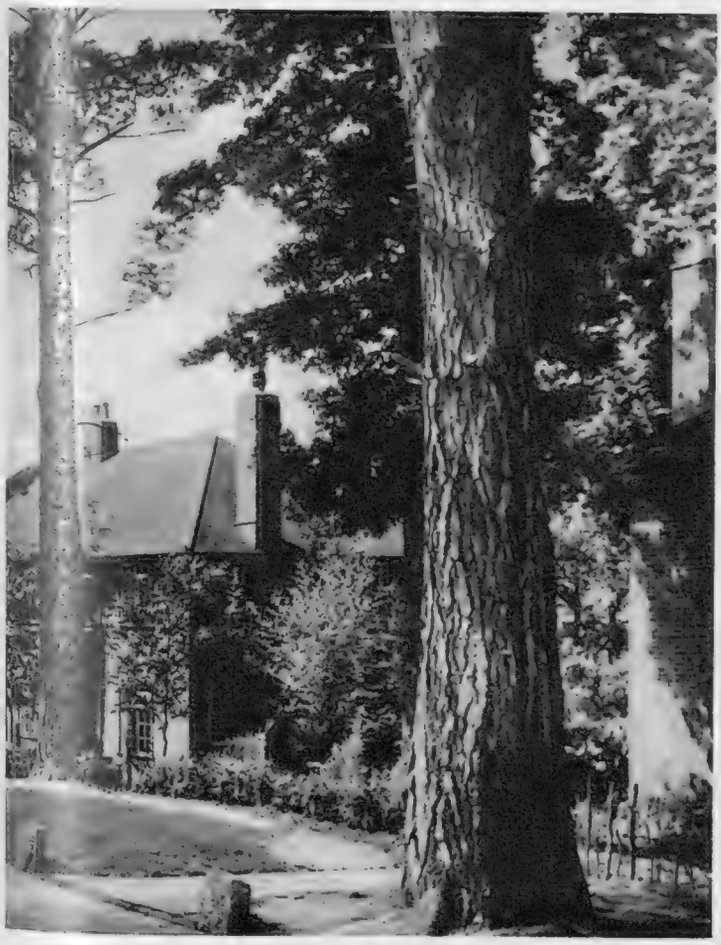
The village store is run on a co-operative basis in the same way as the Community Centre, a fine building which dominates the centre of the village and provides lavish accommodation for the promotion of neighbourly social activities.

Equipment of the houses and flats is excellent and comprehensive. Gas cookers, gas fires, and coke grates ignited by gas are provided.

Before our great national housing problem this courageous experiment shrinks in proportion, but it is a pointer, and a significant one, for all that.

Two semi-detached cottages of the three-bedroom type. With two sitting-rooms, bathroom and kitchen, let at 17s. 9d. a week.

(**Above, left**) The kitchen of one of the cottages shown above. Hot water is provided from a boiler behind the sitting-room grate. ((**Above, right**) Georgian Style entrance to the village store, which combines the practical service of general store and post office with the more æsthetic qualities of architectural charm.



(**Right**) Another block of flats of the one-bedroom one sitting-room type. This model village combines practical model equipment in the houses with the æsthetic charm of an unspoiled sylvan setting outside.

What They Showed In Paris

JANE GORDON VIEWS THE WINTER COLLECTIONS

THE Paris dress designers have obviously decided to throw austerity and utility to the winds, and have produced winter collections which far surpass pre-war fashions for elegance and luxury. Materials used are beautiful to look at and a joy to touch. Soft rich satins, heavy corded silks, crêpes with a matt surface, which drape beautifully, fine soft velvet corduroys, heavy velours, finely-woven woollens, thick jerseys and the best tweeds have all had a come-back.

There is evidently no trouble with dyes in France; all the colours are clear, and there is a tremendous range, including greys from pearl to gun-metal, every shade of beige, a new honey brown which is mixed with smoky grey, for day-suits; olive, lime, and all shades of leaf green; a new dusty heliotrope which is used for satin shirts to go with afternoon suits, and sometimes in the evening, and a certain amount of yellow, from pale mustard to deep gold.

THERE is a great deal of brown, mostly of the reddish kind, and a tremendous amount of cocoa brown. One of the most interesting of the dress collections is Grès. This collection we knew in pre-war days as Alix, and the drapery here has always been famous. In this collection the suits can be divided into two categories—the very loose jacket, worn over a full-skirted woollen dress, or the tight-waisted jacket, which is much shorter here than the jackets shown in other collections. The silhouette for both suits, top-coats, dresses and evening dresses is entirely new. The shoulders are sloped, and the sleeves are almost monumental—they are draped to such an extent. The drapery, however, comes from below the Magyar shoulders, and is caught in tightly at the elbow. For jackets and top-coats this same drapery is shown at the top of the sleeve, and from elbow to wrist the sleeve grips the arm. All the drapery is in front of the dress, and the waist-line is pulled in as tight as possible, accentuating the hips and bust. Skirts are a little longer, many of the top-coats and some of the jackets have the real coachman's cape collar. Where collars are used, on jackets, they are of the shawl variety. Hooded capes are worn over day dresses, capes of tremendous fullness, obviously copied from the burnous, with large flat-backed hoods. Many of these capes, suits and dresses are shown in the same brown that is used for monks' habits, which gives the hooded cape a very monkish look. There are lots of heavy and light-weight angoras, and heavy jerseys, used for the day dresses, and the most popular shades are smoke grey, cocoa brown, this new monk-brown, and black.

AS an alternative to the hooded cape, there is a tent-coat of tremendous fullness. Afternoon dresses of finest rayonne jersey which looks like silk jersey are draped in the real Alix fashion over the bust, falling in straight folds down the front of the skirt; drawn in at the waist, collarless, and with a new front opening which is a long narrow V, often cut right down to the waist-line.

Afternoon dresses are full-skirted, one in shell-pink chiffon has a lace shawl forming a bodice, and tied in a little knot in front.

BALMAIN is showing very good-looking suits and jersey day dresses. The suits in this house all have the same silhouette, the jackets of finger-tip length, nipped in as tight as possible at the waist, and flaired out below the waist. The shoulders are not quite so accentuated, and the collars rather smaller than we have been accustomed to. Skirts are pencil-slim, almost hobble. Much corduroy is used for jackets and top-coats, which also have the same nipped-in waist. One brown corduroy top-coat is shown over an olive-green jersey dress, with the shoulders and neck-line studded with gold nailheads. A grey top-coat is worn over a slate-blue siren-suit, with slacks. The dresses here have little rolls or neck bands, but no proper collars. Braid and jet is used for binding on some of the afternoon dresses and suits. (*Continued on page* 67)

FROM THE LONDON SHOWS

Features of interest at recent model house collections

Draped fringe is featured by Norman Hartnell. His lime-green crepe, extreme left, shows a typical treatment. The same designer features the single bare shoulder, notably in the black velvet and taffeta hobble-skirted gown, left. Angee Delanghe uses cyclamen-pink slipper satin for the evening gown below, left, and next to it is Hartnell's nutria-trimmed black suit with fur hem.

Rose-pink coat from Hardy Amies, with one lapel in black Persian lamb. Worn with a Persian lamb pillbox and coq feathers.

Black crepe and velvet dinner dress from Hartnell. The entire back of the dress is of velvet which sweeps into a half train.

Hardy Amies taffeta has the new lightly-padded hips and tassel-trimmed pockets.

Typical of the new curved backline sweeping into skirt fullness. A coat from the Hardy Amies collection.

A HOUSE AND

IN January 1945 a Committee was formed with the object of co-ordinating the work of the many industries in this country which are contributing to Housing.

In its first year of life this Committee has made a notable contribution to the work of research in house-design and building by concentrating on the production of a series of demonstration houses which are now appearing around the country and which, on completion, are thrown open for three months, with the object of inviting criticism and opinion from the public for whom they were planned.

All the demonstration houses, which are small and built to approximately the same dimensions, have been selected from designs submitted to a recent National Competition sponsored by the Committee previously referred to. In all, twenty-seven groups of them are to be erected throughout the country, some in brick, some in concrete, and other types demonstrating the use of prefabricated units.

The results of recent research work are apparent in the better insulation and plumbing, the scientific planning for spaciousness, light and air without draughts, and a general improvement of appearances both out and in.

There is no question but what this attempt to show, in a very practical way, what can be achieved with the smaller house, will have some considerable influence upon the future of this type of building. Already, Local Authorities here and there are taking up some of these designs, which are going into large-scale production in several localities.

(5) A pair of demonstration houses at Cardiff, designed by Sir Percy Thomas, F.R.I.B.A. There are three bedrooms, a large, well-fitted kitchen, the hall has space for a perambulator and a heated coat cupboard. There are built-in wardrobes in the main bedrooms and a spacious fuel store approached by covered way from the Utility room.

(6) The third bedroom of one of the Sussex houses shown at the top of the facing page.

(7) The living-dining-room of the same house. The floor is of wood blocks, and the convector solid-fuel grate provides the maximum heat efficiency with the greatest economy of fuel. It is ignited by means of gas.

(1) One of the demonstration houses erected in Sussex. This design, in fact, incorporates two houses, the front entrance to the second house being on the side, so that the front doors are well separated.

(2) The kitchen equipment in all the demonstration houses is comprehensive, to say the least, and includes, as in this instance, an electric washing-machine and cooker.

(3) Entrance-hall of one of the houses erected at Morley. The radiator, right, is gas-fired.

(4) Sitting-room of the competition house designed by Sir Percy Thomas, F.R.I.B.A. This is a large "through" room, from front to back, which admits sunshine for the greater part of the day.

ITS FURNITURE

Not content with covering the problem of design and equipment, the Committee decided, very rightly, that the topic of furnishing was of equally vital interest to the public, so, with the co-operation of the Council of Industrial Design, they called in interior decorating experts of national repute to show how houses of this type can be completely furnished ready for occupation within a cost not exceeding £300.

To keep within the limits of this sum, the decorators concerned utilised Utility furniture plus carefully-selected second-hand pieces. They are emphatic in their claim that they had no priority over other members of the public in search for suitable furniture, other than a slight speed-up in the delivery of Utility furniture and fabrics. Otherwise the search for second-hand pieces, for china, glass, carpets and floor-covering substitutes was conducted on non-priority terms.

Charming effects have been achieved by the imaginative use of colour. Whenever they were obtainable, wallpapers were used. Unrationed fabrics were unearthed for bed-spreads and curtains, and coloured felt has been freely used to make hand-decorated rugs and carpets.

Furnishing schemes in these houses are necessarily simple, but what they may lack in luxury they make up for in charm and hold a useful lesson for all engaged in the difficult task of furnishing and equipping a post-war home.

Sit-Down Strike

THE mental exhaustion which comes at the end of a long day of shopping queues and household chores can only be relieved by complete relaxation, but the physical fatigue which makes itself felt in an aching back and legs converted into ton weights by too much standing can be headed off at the start, by just not standing so much.

From sheer force of habit most of us do more standing than we need to in the kitchen.

The woman who spends her life in an unavailing rush around the house will complain that sitting to her tasks slows up the work. This is nonsense. Careering about the kitchen may give an illusion of speed, but a tired woman is not an efficient one. The habit of standing to every task becomes so strong that one is, temporarily, embarrassed by sitting, but a day or two of self-discipline about this will prove that any trifling loss of time is made up for by the increase in energy at the end of the day.

Preparing vegetables, polishing silver, even ironing—when the smaller and lighter things are to be done—can be done from a chair. A stool at the sink permits many tiring tasks to be done just as efficiently and at ease.

DOLMAN SLEEVE JACKET

Materials: 10 ozs. of 3-ply Emu wool; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 needles; buttons.

Measurements: Length from lower edge to shoulder, 19 ins.; across the front underarms, 11 ins.; across the back underarms, 22 ins.; underarm sleeve seams, 17½ ins.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in.

The back.—With No. 10 needles, cast on 124 sts. Knit into the back of the first row. Continue in the following pattern.

1st row.—(right side facing) * p. 1, k. 1, repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—Purl.

3rd row.—Knit the knit and purl the purl sts. of the 1st row. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows throughout.

Work 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 100 sts. remain. Work without shaping until 6½ in. from the cast-on edge. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 130 sts. on needle and work measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 110 sts. remain. Then every 4th row until 80 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 75 sts. Knit into the back of 1st row.

Continue in pattern. Work 4 rows (wrong side facing), dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next row and every 4th row following until 60 sts. Work without shaping until 6½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Then inc. 1 st. (at the same edge as dec.) on the next and every 4th row following until 66 sts. on needle, then inc. 1 st. every alternate armhole-end row until 90 sts. on needle and work measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

(Wrong side of work facing.) Cast off 4 sts. Then k. 2 tog. every alternate armhole-end row until 42 sts. remain and armhole measures 2 ins. LESS than the back armholes.

SHAPE NECK. (Right side of work facing.) Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next row. Work for 2 ins. AT THE SAME TIME k. 2 tog. every row at the armhole edge until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole-end rows. Work left front as for the right front, with shapings at the opposite edges.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 51 sts. Knit into the back of first row. Continue in moss stitch as follows:

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row.—Knit the purl and purl the knit sts. of 1st row. Repeat 2nd row throughout.

Work for 2 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and main pattern. Work 4 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 80 sts. on needle. Work without further shaping until 7½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 128 sts. and work measures 17½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Dec. 1 stitch each end of every row until 100 sts. then every alternate row until (*Con. on p. 67*)

SLIPPERS TO KNIT

Materials: ½ oz. each of blue and white 3-ply Jester wool; one pair of No. 12 knitting-needles; No. 10 crochet-hook; one pair of slipper soles (size 5); ¾ yd. of lamb's wool.

Tension: 10 sts. to 1 in.

PATTERN

1st row.—Knit. * 2 B. 2 W. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—Purl. Work in white over blue and blue over white.

3rd row.—Knit. Work blue over white and white over blue. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows throughout.

With white wool, cast on 18 sts. Continue now in pattern. Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next and every alternate row until 50 sts. on needle (keeping pattern correct). Work 12 rows without inc.

Next row.—Work in pattern over the first 18 sts., turn (place remaining sts. on a spare needle). Work 3 rows on the 18 sts. Now, keeping the continuity of pattern, inc. at the beg. of the next row ** inc. at the same edge on every 4th row following until 32 sts. remain. Work 2 rows without shaping. Cast off **. Return to the sts. on spare needle. Cast on 14 sts. Work in pattern to end. Work 3 rows without shaping on these 18 sts. Inc. at the end of the next row. Now work as first side from ** to **. Make another slipper to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Press each slipper on the wrong side with a damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up back seams. Sew each slipper on the soles. With No. 10 crochet-hook, work 2 rows of double crochet along the top edge of slipper. Cut two small semi-circular pieces of fine canvas and cover with silk. Stitch into the back of the heel (this will stiffen the back). Sew the lamb's wool round the top edge of slipper.

Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

THREE novels this month turn back the pages of history—when Napoleon's coffin was opened at St. Helena twenty-five years after his death, under his right hand was the miniature of his son, the king of Rome, under his left another of a much younger boy whose features faintly resembled his own. Was the latter the fruit of a swift love affair with a Mrs. Diana Gordon during the emperor's brief escape from H.M.S. "Bellerophon," anchored off Brixham in July, 1815? Mr. Stephen Southwold bases "A Romance in Lavender," (Hale, 8s. 6d.) on Devon legend. It makes a picturesque story.

HISTORY repeats itself, with sardonic parallels, in Mr. Humphrey Slater's "The Heretics," (Secker & Warburg, 8s. 6d.), which contrasts the lives of three Avignon children during Pope Innocent III's heresy hunt, and their banishment to slavery in the Children's Crusade of 1212, with the adventures of three English characters of the same Christian names in the Spanish Civil War of the 1930's. Mr. Slater sees, ironically, the same bigotry and fanaticism in both the Papal and Russian Communist campaigns. A novel of ideological conflicts which might have been lightened with more dialogue.

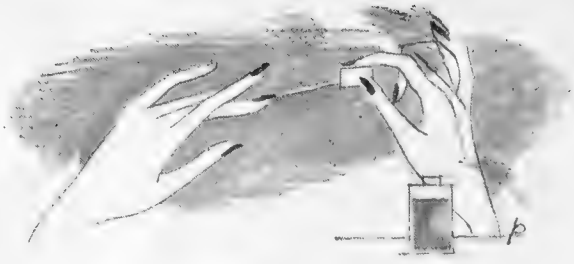
WE never tire of reading of "the noise of a great inn, the bustle, the stamping of horses about the paved yard, great carriages rumbling in . . ." and the bowling of coaches along the open road. In Miss Dorothy Hewlett's "The Flying Horse," (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.) there is a century of it, linked with the story of innkeeper Harmon Roke, who finds refuge from questionings concerning the legitimacy of his birth—to a flighty young mother twenty years her husband's junior—by serving his inn heart and soul, even through the lean years when the once-busy yard is grass-grown and has yet to feel the reviving touch of a motor age with a vested interest in Ye Olde. Miss Hewlett's Mine Host had his troubles, but, thank God, he never lived to spend vapid days behind a NO BEER card, preferably black-edged in mourning for Merrie England.

In transition from old to new is Miss Ursula Bloom's "Three Sons," (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.), a simple chronicle of the lives and loves of Edwardian parents and children. It is a jolt to find that the third son, "little 'Ukefancis,'" popped out the wrong side of the blanket because his mother, Carolyn, unsatisfyingly married to James, really loved Arthur; but the blow is softened by discreet sentiment. I note a new minting: "the frittering song of linnets," and on the next page: "Banksia rose which . . . blossomed in frittering bunches." So may we be fragrant and call this tale a frittering Bloom?

A SEQUEL to "Claudia," "the book that has captured a million hearts!" (applause), brings us bang up to the minute. Need I say more than that, in Miss Rose Franken's "Claudia and David," (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.) she leaves her Connecticut farm for a second honeymoon in (*Continued on page* 66)

TO KEEP THEM QUIET

ALL wise children know why grown-ups give them books: it isn't just kindness, it's a conspiracy to keep them quiet. So you may regard this handsome batch from Collins chiefly as a joy for juniors or a boon to parents, whichever you prefer: **"Tweedles Be Brave"** (6s.) by Wolo, about a colony of monkeys, with black-and-white and colour pictures and a fascinating plan of monkey country. **"Trio from Rio"** (5s.) by Alan D. Mickle, illustrated by Bovey, prose and verse humour in the Lewis Carroll manner. **"Pantomime Party"** (3s. 6d.), a colour photogravure book of real children. **"The Kathleen Fidler Omnibus"** (5s.), a collection of the popular Children's Hour fairy stories, illustrated by A. H. Watson. **"Little Mr. Huffy Huffy"** (3s. 6d.), by Adelaide Makower, a charming story of a fifty-year-old Teddy Bear. Violet Needham's **"The Changeling of Monte Lucio"** (8s. 6d.), historical romance in Anthony Hope vein. E. F. Stucley's **"Star in the Hand"** (4s.), the story of a boy's ambition. R. L. Stevenson's **"A Child's Garden of Verse,"** a new edition with illustrations by A. H. Watson (5s.). For very young ones: Racey Helps' **"Footprints in the Snow"** and **"Upside-Down Medicine,"** (3s. 6d.), first of a series of Barnaby Little Mouse books; Mollie Kaye's **"Gold Gorse Common"** and **"Lorenzo, the Singing Mouse,"** by G. Richardson and K. Allen, picture books (5s.). **"Trunky"** (Hollis & Carter, 8s. 6d.), with coloured pictures, tells of the adventures of a little elephant whose trunk, like Cyrano's nose, was too long. . . . And now, please, Mummy, may I shed these rompers and try to look like a reviewer?



Showing Your Hands

IT is not an old wives' tale that finger-nails are health indicators.

The finger-nails are horny structures with growing points lying within the skin at the half moon. The horny part of the nail is without direct blood supply and without nerves, but, just as hair will lose its shine and look frowsy if the body is in bad health, so the finger-nails will lose their strength, and will be far more easily affected by the external causes of brittleness and breaking, if health is poor.

Calcium is necessary for any good bony structure and it is also helpful in nail formation. Vitamins A and D are necessary for the body to assimilate calcium. Your body will undoubtedly be unhealthy if you have a deficiency of assimilated calcium or vitamins A and D, and this will also affect the strength of the nails. It is not so much a question of nails being weak because the body is in bad health, as that the condition which weakens the nails makes for general ill-health.

Vitamins A and D are contained in fats, milk, and cheese; if, that is, the cows have been pasture fed; but the surest method of taking these two essential health-givers during winter months is in cod-liver oil or halibut-liver oil capsules.

An iron tonic will be helpful in strengthening impoverished nails, because there is a strong link between the two minerals, calcium and iron—both are very helpful in making blood clot readily, both are remedial treatments for nails that have begun to break at the least touch.

One person will look at impoverished nails and say, "Ah-ha, a rheumatic condition," another will murmur "Acidity."

Rheumatism is, so far as we yet know, an affection of the bony structures of the body, thought to be due to acid wastes (which have an affinity for bony structures) piling up and eventually causing complete calcification of the joints, as in arthritis. Here you see the link between acidity and rheumatism.

It is a fact, therefore, that in keeping an eye on your nails you are, as it were, keeping an eye on your health.

If there is no additional strain, due to occupational routines, on the finger-nails, and the nails are much weaker than is usual, take the calcium and vitamins A and D which your body may be lacking.

If, on the other hand, the hands are, for instance, constantly immersed in water; if strong soaps are used; if you bathe frequently in a strongly-disinfected swimming pool, or do excessive sea-bathing, the nails may be weakened by external agents and the health of the body may be perfect.

There are other forms of occupational wear and tear on the nails, such as piano playing and typing. In such cases, a little tapping of the finger-tips is beneficial, stimulating circulation and strengthening the nails; but too much cannot be endured without the edges weakening and breaking, especially if the nails are allowed to grow beyond the limits of the finger pads.

There are two schools of thought on the subject of nail varnish, one saying that this cannot be harmful as nails do not breathe, but the fact remains that some of the inferior varnishes can cause dermatitis, not always apparent on the nail itself.

It is known that some people—not many—are definitely allergic to varnish, but the chances *against* its harming the nails are high, though if they are already in an impoverished state it is wise to lay off varnish for a while.

Two other false alarms—if you are searching your nails for danger signals about your health—are ribbed nails and spotted nails. Both these signs are thought to be due to damage done to the embryo nail, either by bruising or carelessly digging around the cuticle.

There are two good cream preparations for finger-nails suffering from external ill-treatment, and innumerable vitamins on the market if nail weakness is part of a general health breakdown.

If you use the nail varnish which is coming back on the market, use a reputable brand and, by daily care, give your nails a chance to be well groomed as well as glamorous.

HEALTH & BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

The Science Of

BEAUTY

SOME people go so far as to say that all beauty preparations are nonsense, and that good old soap and water are the best. This may be the case in treatment of adolescent acne, for the acne germ thrives in grease and the alkalines of soaps are the best grease-solvents obtainable, but in the case of the adult skin good beauty preparations *are* beneficial.

Years of scientific research and experiment are behind the best preparations, and many of the big salons have their own laboratories constantly at work testing and improving the creams. Even the less expensive preparations can make use of formulas evolved after endless experiments, and the sole reason for their inferiority—so-called—may be their need, dictated by the selling price, to use cheaper ingredients. In many preparations when the best ingredients are not expensive the cheaper articles may be quite good.

Here are just a few of the more simple ingredients and their differences. Paraffin is not absorbed into the skin at all despite its seeming oiliness; lard is absorbed by the skin but does not penetrate it at all; lanoline, being of a similar composition to the fatty secretions of the skin glands, is claimed to penetrate down to the tissues beneath the skin, and is therefore good.

The skin can be treated in limitless ways. Heat can draw the circulation to the surface, thus permitting the bloodstream to carry off toxins. Any mild irritant can have the same effect; that is why some face packs are too strong for a delicate skin, and yet perfect for the oily type.

Skin can look whiter either because it has been bleached, or because it has had all the impurities removed and all the grease cleared (oil is always slightly darkening in effect, whether it is on hair or skin); it can also look lighter because of an adherent quality in the mask which leaves a clinging mask of fine white powder on the skin. This soon wears off.

Here are just a few face packs, especially good for home treatments:

The Blue Mask pack is a natural radio-active spa mud, which after all is the source of many of the ingredients selected and used in beauty preparations. Here nothing artificial has been added and no modifier breaks down the action. These natural mud packs absorb and remove the toxins in the skin and are therefore healing, curative and purifying to the skin. They are essentially useful for an oily skin subject to blemishes.

Cyclax special lotion is slightly astringent, slightly antiseptic, and mildly bleaching. The most delicate skin can use it with impunity.

The popular Yeast Pac for treatment of acne is one hundred per cent kaolin, which is a pure china clay, absorbent, dehydrant and emollient. It is mixed with warm water and applied to the face for not less than ten minutes. It contracts while it dries, but being of a very fine texture it is not as drastic in its stimulating action on the skin as the heavier mud packs. To supplement the treatment it is necessary to wash the face with hot water and a medicated soap at least six times a day.

Of an entirely different type and consistency is the Elizabeth Arden Velva Cream Masque, a light cream useful as a mild rejuvenating treatment. It does not remove moisture from the skin. It tightens slightly whilst drying. This very gently promotes circulation to the surface tissues.

The same tightening action also reduces puffiness around the eyes if that puffiness is caused by fatigue. For a tired or ageing skin this masque can be used twice a week with good results, as it will ward off the signs of age. It gives the surface of the skin a velvet beauty, and is essentially a treatment for beautifying the tired skin.

AS a child every possible restraint was put upon her. She was told that her hands would be ugly when she grew up, and they are. She was told it would spoil her teeth, and it has. Bitter aloes were applied, and it made no difference. She was nagged and she was punished, in vain.

When vanity became really conscious she fought the habit until, with pride, she could display her fingers, and even have a salon manicure—then she would sit reading a thriller, or go to a film, and when she woke from her world of fancy there were her nails nibbled to the fleshline again.

SOME dieticians claim that it is a calcium deficiency which makes children bite their nails, and it would be worth trying to relieve this deficiency in children, but grown-ups must take more immediate steps. Reading and cinemas are the biggest dangers. It is a good idea to chew gum at these times or keep the hands protected in gloves, at least until the habit fades.

The rough edge of a semi-break or tear is a temptation, so if you find one and start to bite, get an emery board immediately and smooth the nail edges carefully.

PAINTING the finger-tips with lacquer is a good idea for nail-biters, because it makes for more nail consciousness, and is an added deterrent.

Nail-biting is unquestionably due, partly, to nervous tension. In good health the tension is relieved, so take a good tonic, such as Neuro-phosphates, to sooth any ragged nerviness and generally tone up the system.

If all these precautions do not help, cut the nails as low as possible for a few months, so that there is nothing to bite, and hope that this will relieve the habit. Nothing else will.

TOMATO RINGS

SAUSAGE MEAT CASSEROLE

ONE WEEK'S SAVOURIES

BACON ROLL

Allow one slice of bacon per person and roll each rasher round a piece of corned beef. Arrange them in a fireproof dish on buttered toast and leave in a hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes. The toast might sometimes be replaced by a large slice of fried potato.

POTATO CUPS

Cook, without peeling, as many medium-sized potatoes as there are people, and when just soft remove and strain. Then peel and scoop out each potato, arrange them in a greased fireproof dish and fill each one with the following mixture :—

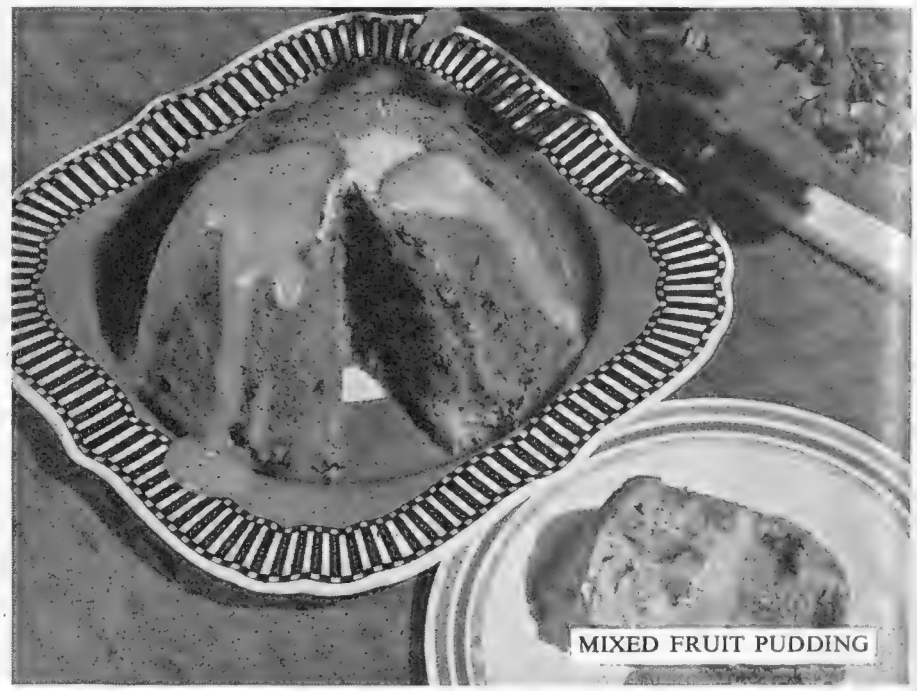
Reconstitute two eggs and scramble them, then mix in one teaspoonful each of creamed margarine and anchovy essence. Sprinkle heavily with grated cheese and brown under the grill.

TOASTED SPECIAL

Melt 1 oz. of margarine in a frying pan; add one tablespoonful of lemon juice or water and lemon substitute and one teaspoonful of chopped herbs. Finally add eighteen oysters and cook until the gills begin to frill. Sprinkle lightly with pepper and salt and arrange the oysters on crustless hot buttered toast. Serve immediately.

CHEESE PANCAKES

Make a batter with ½ cupful of flour, one egg reconstituted, ½ cupful of milk and a pinch of salt. Using the smallest frying pan you have make very thin pancakes. Have ready a thick white sauce to which you add as much grated cheese as can be spared. Fill each pancake with sauce, roll them and arrange side by side in a fireproof dish. Put a few margarine shavings on top and leave for 10 minutes in a hot oven.


MIXED FRUIT PUDDING

POACHED FILLET

SARDINE SAVOURY

Reconstitute one egg with milk instead of water; add one crushed clove of garlic, salt and pepper. Dip in the egg mixture small squares of bread and fry them quickly on both sides. Keep them warm while you skin and bone and mash the contents of one tin of sardines in tomato purée. Put a small heap of the fish on each piece of toast, sprinkle with grated cheese and heat under the grill.

TOMATO RINGS

Cut four large tomatoes into halves, make a neat hole in the centre of each piece and arrange on a piece of buttered toast. Mash the contents of a small tin of salmon and mix with half its quantity of thick white sauce. Fill the scooped-out tomatoes with the mixture, sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and serve cold.

TRY THIS WAY

TO MAKE THE FAT GO FURTHER

OF all the problems the housewife has to solve these days that of making the minute fat ration go round is perhaps one of the most difficult. Seven oz. a head per week is little enough, and of that no one is going to use the 2 oz. of butter for cooking and few, I imagine, the 4 oz. of margarine. We are left therefore with 1 oz. of lard for all cooking purposes, which, if she knew of it, would certainly keep Mrs. Beeton turning in her grave.

The principle I go on as far as possible, and it works fairly well on the whole, is to forget all about that little white packet until the end of the week—pretend it isn't there, and you will be surprised how much larger it looks when you "discover" it for that extra special treat at the week-end

Spend a few left-over B.U. points on suet, and melt it down for extra cooking fat

ON AND OFF THE RATION

MIXED FRUIT PUDDING

Mix well 3 oz. of flour with 3 oz. of suet; add 3 oz. of breadcrumbs, 3 oz. of sultanas and 3 oz. of peeled and chopped apples. Mix in 2 reconstituted eggs, a few drops of orange essence and 2 oz. of sugar. Steam for 2 hours and serve with a custard sauce or jam.

DUMPLINGS

Take any paste you like and to each tablespoonful of paste add one of cornflour. Blend well, roll into balls the size of a nut and put into boiling, salted, water. Let boil for 5 to 10 minutes. Serve as a garnish to curried vegetables.

HOTTENTOT PIE

Boil one egg hard; peel and chop it finely, add it to 2 cupfuls of white sauce and let simmer for 5 minutes. Pass through the mincer any meat left overs and add them to the sauce. Arrange in a soufflé dish in layers of meat and cooked macaroni, the top layer being of macaroni. Cover with margarine shavings and brown in a medium oven.

HOME MADE SALAD DRESSING

Mix 3 dessertspoonfuls of custard powder with ¼ pint of cold water, pour over ¾ pint of boiling water and let boil, while stirring, for five minutes. Add mustard, vinegar and sugar to taste. Whip before serving.

Now for something a little more concrete: a few suggestions for ekeing out the fat ration, though, short of sorcery, one can only alleviate the problem, not cure it.

1. Double your fat ration by spending a few points (B.U.s left over at the end of the month help with this) on suet. Melt it down when the oven is in use and keep it in an airtight jar for special use.

2. Cut all but the thinnest layer of fat off the weekly joint before roasting. Pass this fat through a mincer, again melt it down, add a teaspoonful of salt and store it for as long as you like. To make up for the lost fat when cooking the joint baste liberally with meat stock.

3. If you *must* fry, see that the flame is very low. Quick boiling evaporates fat very rapidly and scorched fat is wasted fat.

4. Lard goes further if used with an equal quantity of medicinal paraffin which can be obtained more easily now at most chemists.

5. Should you be lucky enough to get bones from the butcher, especially beef bones, simmer very gently for 3 to 4 hours, then leave the liquid in a cool place overnight and skim off the layer of hard grease. This adds a most acceptable ounce or two to the ration. The liquid, incidentally, is an excellent base for sauces and soups.

6. Don't wash out frying pans unless they have been used for fish, there is always a slight film of grease left and often enough to fry an egg with its attendant piece of bacon. Keep the pan covered to exclude dust when not in use.

7. The same applies to roasting tins, but when the fat looks too black and is full of charred pieces of meat, melt the fat down, pour it through a piece of muslin, thoroughly wash out and dry the tin and pour back the fat for the next roasting.

8. Many things can be "fried" in the oven (sausages for instance), a method which takes about a third less fat than if the more usual frying pan method is used. The cooking takes longer this way, so allow extra time.

Sausages bring me to another point which I would like to make: we here in England are too conservative in our cooking; fish for instance is, more often than not, fried. Why? Is it really better that way, or is it simply because it is easier and quicker to do? I don't know the answer to that one, but I *do* know that fried fillet of fish is almost a thing of the past, and I also know that I personally find the following fat saving dish equally good:

POACHED FILLET

Grease a fireproof dish (use the paper the margarine or lard was wrapped in) and arrange your fillets in it. Sprinkle each one with salt, chopped onions and herbs, add ¼ cupful of milk, cover the dish and leave for 15 minutes in a hot oven.

Now again, take that rather dreary stand-by sausage meat; it is a great temptation to mix it with raw, chopped onions and plenty of herbs and fry it in nice deep fat, not forgetting a tomato or two to sit on top and some beautifully golden chips to go with it. Well, it just can't be done, or at least not often, so try :—

SAUSAGE MEAT CASSEROLE

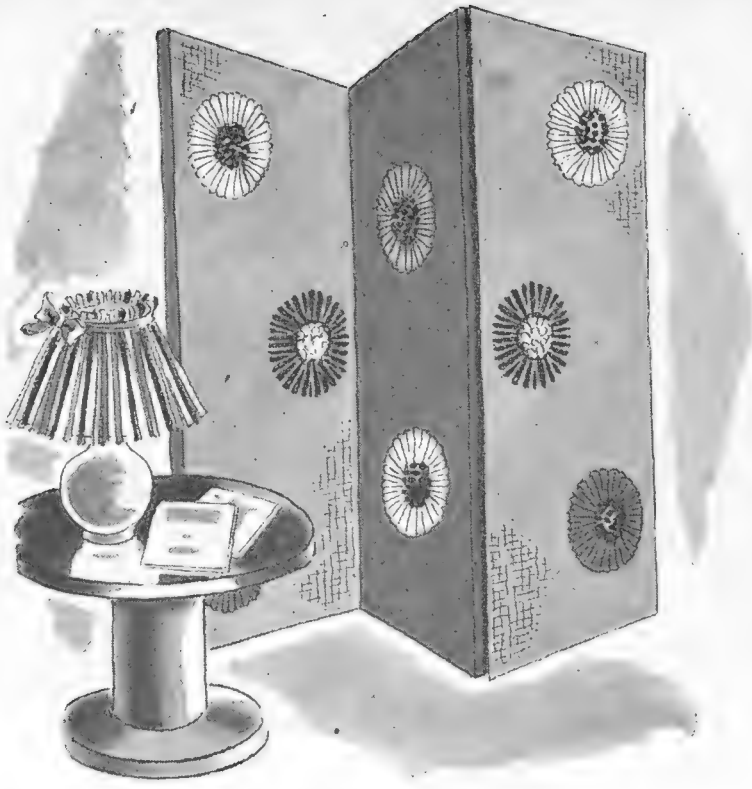
Take 2 tablepoonsfuls of flour and mix them to a smooth paste with a little milk; pour over 2 cupfuls of strong, boiling, meat stock, stir well, bring to the boil, still stirring, and if too thick add some more stock. It should have the consistency of a thin cream. Add salt and pepper to taste. Two tablespoonfuls of tomato purée, a pinch of celery salt and one teaspoonful of vinegar are an improvement.

To ½ lb. of sausage meat add one teaspoonful of chopped herbs and one egg (dry), roll into small balls the size of a walnut, put them in a casserole, pour over the boiling sauce and let simmer in the oven, with a lid on, for 45 minutes.

Afterthought: Why not keep a pig and snap your fingers at the ration problem. Possible, only if you live in the country, of course. **Harriet Muir**

Fireside Comfort

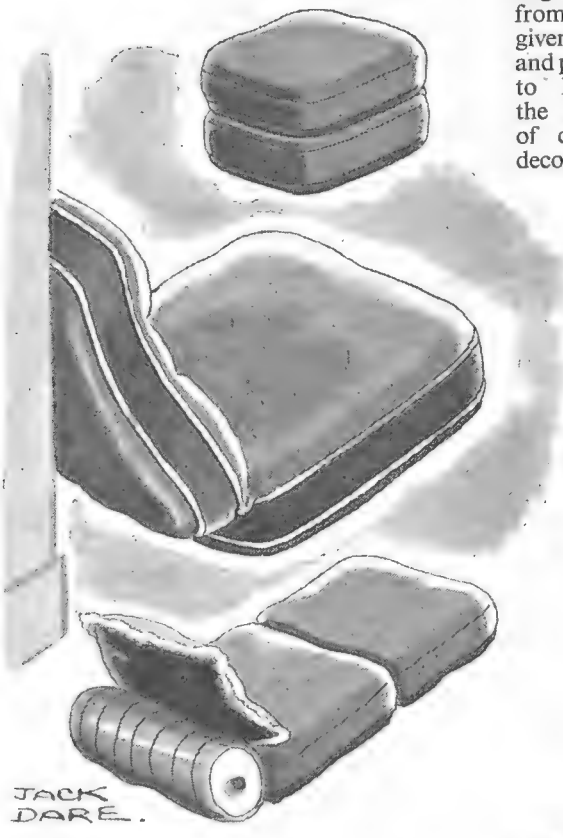
Homework for Winter Evenings



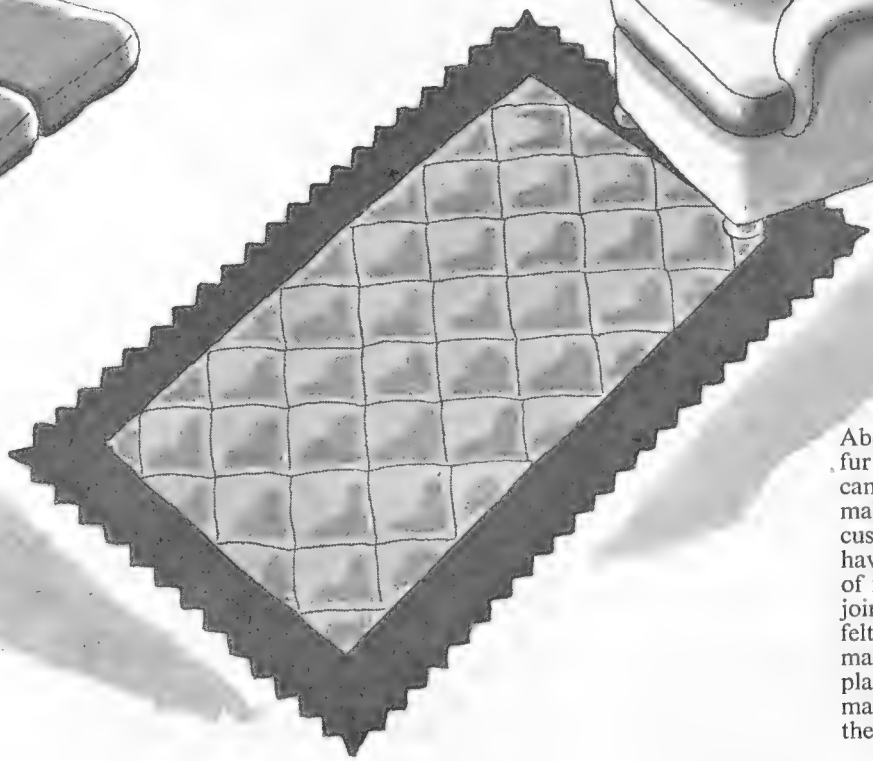
Left: Cover an old screen with hessian or canvas embroidered with outsized flowers in rug wools of brightly-blended colours

Make a ballet skirt shade from odd lengths of coloured ribbons sewn to a wider ribbon or cord to tie over a shabby lampshade

Right: A small crate from the greengrocer's given rope handles and painted or stained to harmonize with the general scheme of colour makes a decorative log basket



Left: Two box cushions hinged on one side by a length of material can be used in many ways: as a pouf, a fireside floor seat with back against a wall or as a floor lounge. You can sometimes buy discarded car seats at a car breaker's depot



Right: Quilted velour or similar soft material mounted on dog-toothed felt makes a lovely fire or bedside rug. This one employs a pastel-coloured velour against a darker felt with stitching to match background felt

Above: Scraps of fur or fur fabric can be used to make a luxurious cushion. If you have enough pieces of fur they can be joined and set on a felt background to make a rug in place of the quilted material shown on the left of this

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Poor dear, she never realised
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much as wool does naturally.

Pet Schemes

By Louisa Kay

SENTIMENT is inclined to run riot on the subject of animals, and animals and children together are, obviously, a dangerous combination in this sense. But apart from whimsy there are good practical reasons for encouraging the pet habit in family life, because there can be no question but what animals and children are good for each other.

Children and animals have some sort of affinity. You can't doubt it if you have observed the patience and toleration which, for instance, a dog will show for its young owner, or the sheer fun that the two of them can always have together without any need of words.

In any case, animal ownership lays the foundation of some useful lessons for the young, beginning, when, for the first time, a child finds itself with the power of absolute ownership and discipline over something weaker and more helpless than itself. If this lesson is well learned and the power is exercised with generosity and good sense, a child has learnt something that will be of inestimable value in later life.

Responsibility—in small doses—is a good thing for young human beings. It has something to teach about self-reliance and self-discipline. Even if the responsibility is only that of caring for, feeding and tending a small animal, it is a good beginning.

Apart from this there is a natural and helpful channel of instruction in biology in the intimate contact between children and their pets. This way, the so-called facts of life are presented in their most natural and acceptable form, by animals who demonstrate the routines of Nature with unselfconscious grace. Children absorb knowledge presented in this way with a matter-of-factness that can never apply where theory is presented, however earnestly, by some floundering adult.

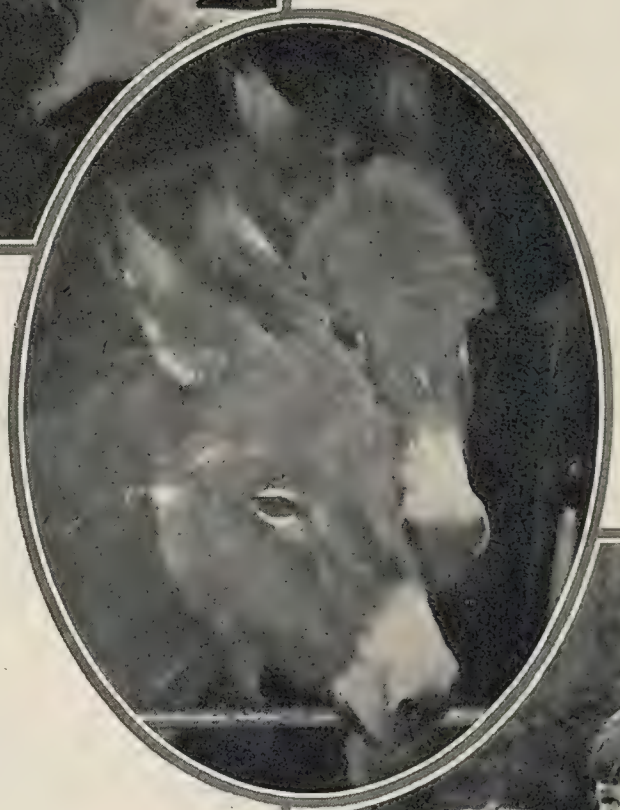
If there is a question of "good" pets and "bad" ones for children, I suppose the good ones can be said to be those in the higher grades of intelligence with which the child can establish some sort of companionship. On the other hand, if your child has a fancy for white mice or wants to keep a hedgehog for a pal, let him. You may not see the point of it, but *he* does, and that is important. Parental intervention comes in best—or should—with the insistence that the thrills of ownership carry certain inescapable responsibilities.

One hears it said that this or that variety of dog is "good with children." It may be true that bulldogs, for instance, are specially protective and very gentle with the young, just as it may be true that Airedales are of uncertain temper, but dog experts claim that there is no hard and fast rule about this and that, given reasonable kindness and understanding, most animals brought up from an early age with children are good tempered.

For all this, there seems to be good sense in the suggestion that mongrels as pets for children have something over the more highly-bred varieties, inasmuch as they are more stolid and, whilst equally intelligent—sometimes more so—are not subject to the hysteria which one associates with the best pedigrees.

Children are high spirited and the combination of an excitable dog and an excitable child is apt to be a little trying for both.

From the adult point of view animal pets may represent an unwelcome new responsibility, and a fresh source of clutter about the home, but there is practical compensation in the knowledge that animal ownership is helping to form the children's character as well as to give them more fun.



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YOU have probably been putting off buying a new handbag, cocking an eye at prices which, before the war, would have bought you a whole new outfit, and telling yourself that it could wait a bit. But the new clothes which more coupons have brought us all, have ganged up to make a shabby handbag hopelessly out of place. So you have set your teeth and peeled a frightening lump off your bank roll, but you have a new bag.

Once over the shock of owning a bag which you don't have to conceal like a poor relation, you would be doing well to reflect that this little item, having cost what it did, deserves a preservation campaign on its own account, which will keep it in good looks for years.

IF you have been lucky enough to get hold of a really good leather bag, it will last for years if you treat it right. It is entirely up to you.

What we all incline to do, is to forget our first enthusiasm for careful and organized handbag care, so that in less than no time—after the vigilance ceases—the bag begins to bulge like a lot of women do, and the inside makes a pretty good imitation of a junk shop.

A little daily self-discipline about handbag neatness is good policy. Start right at the beginning by positively forswearing everything but what is absolutely essential to your needs when you are away from home.

This really does not include all John's letters, a heavy bunch of keys of which you use no more than two, or the packets of seeds you bought last month. No bag will keep its figure if you over-stuff it.

Nor will it keep its lines, if it should be one of the flat-base types, if you lean heavily on it with your arms while you hold it on your lap in the bus. The stiffening of a bag is cardboard, and it is not meant to carry severe strains.

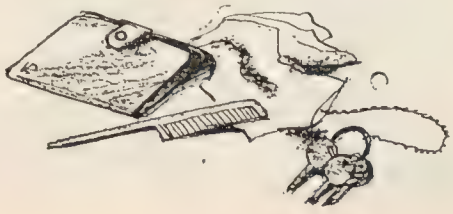
For perfect handbag grooming, one should make a point of turning out the contents every morning. The same daily operation should include brushing the lining and rubbing over the outside leather surface with a soft duster to remove the smears and finger-marks which collect so formidably in a short time when neglected.

This daily drill will take, maybe, three or four minutes of your time, but if you can fit it into the routine it will ensure a much longer life of service and beauty for your bag.

If the bag is well fitted with compartments, allot each one its special function and keep to them. This, in the first place, is efficient, meaning that you can pounce on anything you want immediately you want it; it also avoids that rummaging inside which, if constantly practised, puts far too heavy a strain on the silk lining. If you have a leather lining, so much the better, but still be neat.

IT should go without saying that make-up paraphernalia gets a neat and, if possible, waterproof holdall in which all loose make-up items can be segregated. This is the only possible way to avoid drifts of powder inside your bag and smudges of lipstick or face cream on the lining.

When choosing a new handbag it is good policy to pick a style which, while conforming to fashion, is also adaptable to your particular habits. A flat pochette-type bag is smart perhaps, but if you are the kind of person who carries a host of small possessions around, such a bag cannot retain its slick appearance very long.



As for outward appearances, remember that all leather needs nourishing if it is to keep supple and glossy. Polish the outside of your bag with a good white shoe cream every few weeks.

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about shrinking

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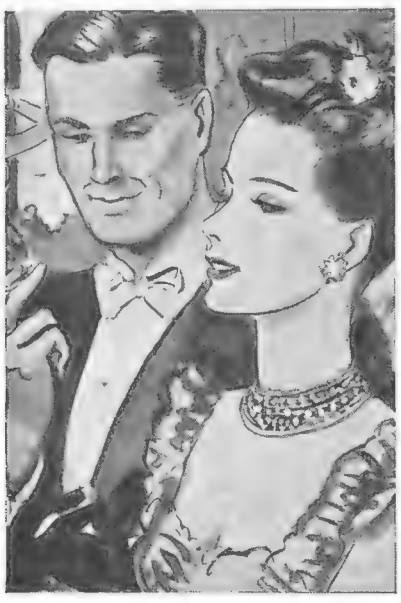

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Pond's
CREAMS

The Weather

(*Continued from page 13*)

weather! The old stone tablets of Assyria contain predictions of the sort: "When it thunders on the day of the moon's disappearance, the crops will prosper. . . ."

The moon's position when in a crescent is still thought by many people, who really ought to know better, to have forecast value.

"The bonny moon is on her back.
Mend your shoon and sort your thack."

So they used to say in the lowlands of Scotland, but in East Anglia the very reverse is believed, where the moon "on her back" is believed to be a sign of fine weather, the moon in this position being a saucer able to hold the water which the ancients thought was in it. So far as the moon and the weather are concerned, we cannot accurately go so far as the old proverb: "Weather, wind, woman and fortune change like the moon." The phases of the moon can be charted accurately and known well in advance, which is more than you can say for the whims of women, fortune or weather.

QUITE a short observation is enough to disprove many old weather-saws. An eighteenth-century writer stated that a wet summer always preceded a cold, stormy winter, and that as the blackthorn thrives during a wet summer, a shrub laden with fruit and berries should be a sign of a hard winter. To test this rule, Professor D. Brunt, Sc.D., F.R.S., selected the seven wettest summers from 1813 to 1830, and found that four of them were followed by mild winters, and only *one* by a really cold winter. Of the other two, January was cold, and the other months mild.

Tests of this sort can be made by anybody, for the Royal Meteorological Society, the oldest and most efficient body of its kind in the world, can produce weather records for many generations. At one typical station of the Royal Society, in Camden Square, London, weather observations have been taken without a break every day for nearly 100 years, and everything is logged. So no wonder the meteorological experts scoff at rhymes and proverbs linking weather with the moon or with weather of subsequent months.

That unfortunate saint, Swithin, is not alone. In Belgium the day is July 6—St. Godelieve—or the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, July 2. German peasants used to believe in June 27 as the possible start of a rainy spell, the Festival of the Seven Sleepers. Only once in living memory, in the year 1930, has June 27 been a rainy day, followed by the conventional forty subsequent wet days.

There is a more reliable meteorological foundation for the three "ice" saints, St. Pancras, St. Gervais and St. Mamertius, whose festival days all fall around May 12. The truth is that modern meteorology shows Europe is swept by periodic bursts of cold air which are apt in certain areas to disturb the springtime rise of temperature.

Although many weather saws, true or untrue, are based on pagan beliefs, the festivals of the Christian year are now to blame, and one which has lived the longest, though entirely fallacious, is that the weather of the twelve days between Christmas and Twelfth Night foreshadows that of the whole of the approaching year.

So far as saints are concerned, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and Gay summarized all these nonsensical beliefs by his:

"Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind.
Nor Paul nor Swithin rules the clouds and wind!"

St. Swithin, or the moon: well perhaps we never did believe in *them*. But what of "red sky at night," or "haloes round the moon," or even "Buchan's cold spells," and such things which appear to be founded on some fact?

The red glow is caused by the scattering of the sun's rays in their passage around particles of fine dust as, through a myriad tiny prisms. In their passage earthwards much of the blue light component is lost (one reason why the sky "looks blue") and the sun seen through a cloud of fine dry dust appears red. The colour filtration depends on the size of the particles of dust or water which split up the light, and these vary enormously. Water droplets in clouds and fogs vary between 1/150th inch to 1/1,500th inch, while the tiny droplets in cigarette smoke, which make the "smoke" appear blue although it is really a yellow vapour (as you can easily prove by inhaling it through a handkerchief, when a yellow stain will be found) are much smaller, often no bigger than 1/100,000th inch. Dust particles in clouds are much larger, so a sun shining through a water fog looks blueish white, and through a smoke fog appears red.

Now if there is a "red sky at night," and the heavens are filled with the glory of a golden sunset, or the clouds are tipped with royal red, it is proof that the light is reaching us through a layer of dry dust in suspension, not moistened by condensed water. This *may* be a sign of fine weather—or at least a sign that there is no moisture coming up from the west—but it is really only a reliable guide for a few hours ahead, and not for the whole weather scheme of the approaching day. It is a good sign—though not mentioned in the proverb—if there is plenty of light in the sunset. This is an indication that to the west there is no heavy cloud to obscure the sun, and so no banks of cumulus cloud on the way bringing rain.

That "red sky at night" is something of a fallacy is proved by the converse "red sky in the morning" supposed to be the shepherd's warning. This dawn red is not caused by dust directly, but is a warm front cloud illuminated from below.

An old proverb about haloes around the moon is founded more on fact than most things where the moon is mentioned, being in fact nothing to do with the moon but only the "halo" around it. "Corona" is the right and proper name for such a manifestation, and if you want to be a weather prophet with any pretence to meteorological exactitude, save the word "halo" for its true meaning, those beautiful systems of rings, mock suns and moon reflections mostly in Polar regions, caused by the splitting up of the light through ice crystals in the air.

A corona around the moon is a bright ring appearing to make the disc larger, and not separated from it by a gap, as with a halo, which is a separate ring.

"The moon with a circle brings water in her beaker," says an old proverb, and the meteorologist will tell you that this appears so only because you are seeing the moon through cirro-stratus clouds, of just the same sort which would cause the sun to become a "hazy yellow cheese." This is a sign that the cirrus cloud is thickening, but whether it will turn to the fat, water-laden stratus rain cloud depends on a number of other factors not shown by the "ring around the moon"—if the barometer is falling, and if the wind has backed to the south-west, for example!

Alexander Buchan's "cold spells" (actually he forecast warm spells, too) have been disproved often in living memory. The real harm is to Buchan's memory, for this old Scots schoolmaster never intended his calculated nine "spells" to be more than a *tendency* for these dates to recur.

The truth is that neither radar nor Buchan, St. Swithin nor the electrical radio-sonde weather balloon can give an accurate prophecy. We can set up Parliament to last five years. We can tell what the sun was doing a billion years ago, and what Mars will be like in a hundred years time. But we cannot accurately know what weather will be on its travels over Britain even a hundred hours hence.

You can count your weather by calculations of isobars, or knowledge of the Beaufort Scale and geodetic winds. Or you can use such prognostications as: "Mackerel sky, fair to-day, wet to-morrow." In either case you may be right—or wrong!

END

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"I" Stands For Inflation (*Continued from page* 15)

done well out of war orders, sold him their mills. He made an omelet of them, called it Amalgamated Cotton, and planted the rich-looking dish on the stock-exchange counter. The public went for it as to-day it scrambles for gold-mining and holiday-camp shares. Jimmy also bought cotton and rubber on margin. Every penny rise in those commodities enriched Jimmy by another hundred thousand or so.

He swelled like the Mr. Toad of Kenneth Graham's fantasy. What a smart fellow was he! None smarter! He bought a country estate and racing stable. He acquired a 700-ton steam yacht complete with captain, mate, three chefs, a doctor, three stewards, a stewardess, and twenty-seven hands. He bought Daly's Theatre, for a busy rich magnate must have some after-work relaxation. And he would have gone on and on, and up and up, but unluckily the public suddenly got tired of high prices, and alarmed to find its money running out, and stopped buying shirts and shoes and second-hand cars. Retailers and wholesalers, left with stocks of merchandise bought at high prices, took heavy losses. Bankers, frightened, cut down on loans and overdrafts. Hoarders of cotton, rubber, wheat and other commodities, for higher prices, panicked, and rushed to sell. And the whole inflationary card-house tumbled.

Jimmy White emerged from the debris owing money. He only avoided bankruptcy by avoiding settlements. When he tried to recoup his losses in the next inflation, that of 1927–29, and failed, he committed suicide. It was then disclosed that for years he had been stalling off an income-tax claim for about a million. Pressed, that claim would have broken him. On the other hand, the tax people would have lost all chance of ever getting their money.

Inflation, abruptly ended in Britain and America in 1922, ran on in Germany. There Stinnes, the black-bearded coal king, was using it to become the Napoleon of German industry. A more intelligent man than Jimmy White, he bought instead of selling, acquired things instead of money. He used the simple technique I have mentioned. He might want another steel mill, a publishing house, a Berlin hotel, a few streets of property. Price, 10,000,000 marks? Right.

He'd borrow the mark money from the banks, pass the owners their cheque, and let the loan ride—the banks couldn't refuse the powerful magnate. Meantime he exported coal, steel and other products, including marks, and took payment in British pounds, American dollars, Swiss francs, Dutch guilders. These nest-eggs of good hard money he kept in banks abroad. When his home bank mark debt ran too high, he'd bring back a few thousand dollars or a few hundred pounds, exchange them for a few million marks, and pay off a chunk of the bank loan which originally had bought a steel mill or chemical plant.

Deflation caught up with Stinnes in time, and he lost most of his industrial empire. It caught up with the most grandiose of all the inflationary moguls, Ivan Kreuger, whose international match empire at one time looked as solid as the Alps, but who was found to be short of £50,000,000 when he shot himself. Oddly, most inflation millionaires seem to end up in Carey Street, jail, or a suicide's grave.

All this is no new story. It was old when Aristophanes wrote a play around the inflation theme in 405 B.C. The ghosts of innumerable past inflationary eras peer at us now out of the shadows. Shall we pull out of this inflationary era without one of those disastrous deflations which ruin thousands and throw millions out of their jobs? The controllers hope so. In France, a new Treasury chief celebrated his advent by pruning three billions off the banknote circulation; but the total was still 628,985,000,000 francs, meaning that francs are cheap, things dear. In America, after the slipping of anti-inflation controls had sent the money cargo sliding about like a shipload of tanks loose in a gale, President Truman managed to throw a few hawsers over the load—a matter of some interest to Britons, who, having borrowed £1,350,000,000, in dollars, are left wondering what this money is going to mean in terms of bushels of wheat, kegs of lard, barrels of oil.

And here? Well, the inflationary tide is not yet at the dizzy level touched in the second year after the first World War, when premiums of £1,000 to £1,500 were paid for claims to early delivery of a new Rolls, a fox fur sold for the all-time record price of £500, and Dunlop Rubber shares reached £14 apiece in a crazy stock-market boom. But it's still rising.

END

Les Girls—Again? (*Continued from page* 16)

was in charge of a senior dancer, chosen for her sound head. She was responsible for the good behaviour and welfare of anything up to a dozen girls and what she said *went*; or else the girl who disobeyed once too often, went. Yes, beyond all the endless exercises and keeping fit, beyond all the sex appeal, discipline was at the root of les Girls' phenomenal success as it will be again with their successors of—let us hope—1947.

They would fret, and some would be fractious, when sent to bed instead of going to a party, or when told they mustn't eat that or drink the other. I've seen a Girl fly into a proper temper when forbidden to go out any more with a man who had been inquired into and found wanting . . . wanting what? Wanting to give this girl the dope habit and so get her in his power that he might ship her to South America and eventual death in a *maison* there, as nearly always happens to girls from certain countries who have the final, ghastly misfortune to take "the road to Buenos Aires" (blanketing term for *maisons* up and down South America).

As a rule, parents were well advised to study every way up contracts given their daughters for South America, North Africa and the Balkans, including Constantinople. These were about the most dangerous places but Barcelona was another. A common trick would be to offer a contract in London for a season at B, and then for the girl to find on arrival there, that she was merely in transit for Rio. Most of les Girls had their heads screwed on right, thanks to picking up the facts of their chosen life while learning to dance in England. But there was always danger with the eighteen-year-old beginners who might be lured into the wrong places. Wherever I've come across them les Girls had their own special cafés, bars, restaurants and tea places, the managements of which saw that undesirable characters were kept from annoying the attractive youngsters.

I trust I am not over drawing a picture of prim respectability, of a Grundyish vigilance quite at variance with accepted stage gaiety. Could not les Girls step out when they felt that way inclined! For all the lure of Paris, I never saw them revelling more in their surroundings than in Copenhagen and anywhere in Italy—Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples. They had gilded young Italy and Denmark at their toes, especially the young Fascist who would provide horses and launches, golf and tennis for the open-air, sportive life so dear to many of les Girls. Several girls stayed on too long in Italy and finished up in Milan prison for quite a spell; yet I'll bet they are longing to get back to the land of sun and passion, of young men anticipating every wish and thought.

Les Girls won their maximum popularity in the Latin lands, and I'll tell you why. Without being prudes—anything but—les Girls had nothing whatever in common with the average Continental dancing girl who was expected to make up for wretched wages by living under the (*Continued on page* 56)

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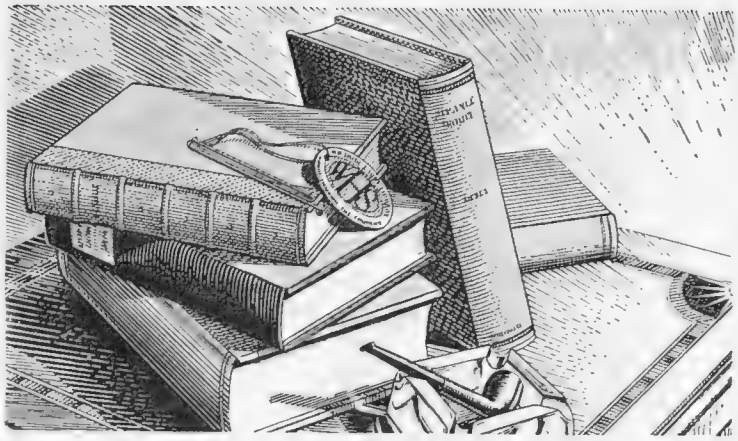

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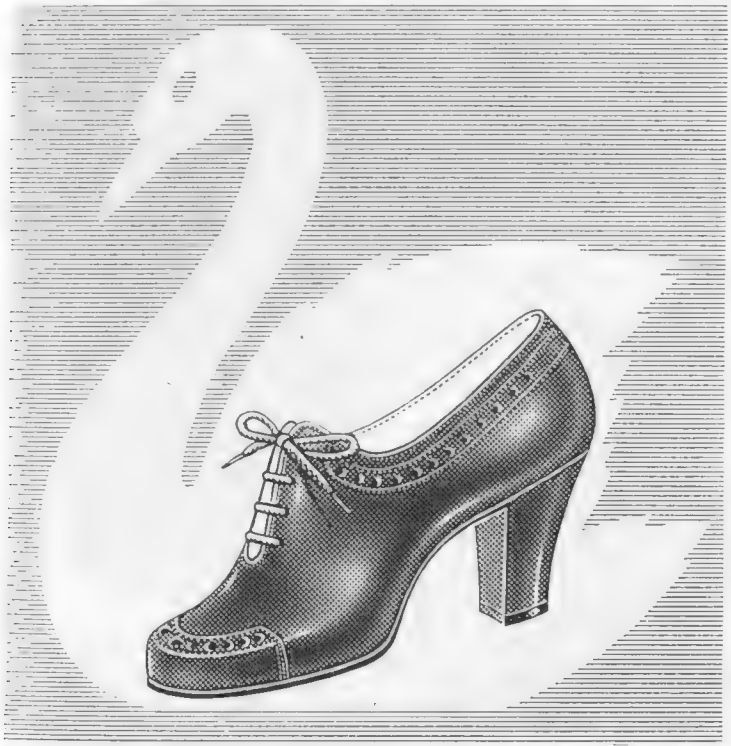

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protection of a man. These English girls had liveable wages. They certainly picked up presents and were aided in other ways—as at the race-track or in the casino. But they were not obliged to do anything they didn't want, and that gained them a respect unknown before.

Years ago, when the original Tiller troupes started to tour the Continent, the rigid code of behaviour demanded of "les Girls Anglaises" was regarded with a mixture of incredulity and astonishment. How could such a contradiction ever succeed—a dancing girl sticking to a strict moral code? But John Tiller, who died twenty years ago, had always treated his dancers like adopted daughters and they played fair when he sent them out into the world. In later years the strictness sensibly slackened but by that time the trick had been turned. Recovered from their original astonishment, foreign theatre owners recognized the good name and good behaviour of les Girls as a strong commercial asset.

It is on record that the manager of the Casino de Paris replied approximately as follows to a group of French journalists who wished to know what was the great attraction in les Girls who were keeping French girls out of jobs. "Messieurs," he said, "the precision dancing of these Anglaises is delightful to behold. I like it much better than the tap. It is wonderful to watch the carefully co-ordinated movement of a long line of lovely girls with lovely legs, the thin, long legs of the tall English Miss. They tell me they were taught to move 'like a crack regiment on parade.' Just think of that!

"It is the team spirit that gives les Girls their ascendancy, their combination of feminine beauty, youthful vigour, and military precision. How fit they must keep! How they have to work! Loose living, too many late nights, and they are soon finished! So my patrons are delighted to watch the zestful rhythmic dancing of these English

Les Girls—Again?

youngsters and how blooming and fresh they are when they take their stage make-up off! Such success alone justifies me in employing les Girls. But I have another reason as powerful. These girls never miss a performance unless they really are unfit. They always give of their best. And they don't make trouble inside or outside the theatre. I can only account for the happy combination by my belief that they practise virtue as the best aid to their difficult art."

That French connoisseur gave about the best summing up of les Girls ever I heard. Of course it would have been rubbish to say they never had affairs (many married out of them) but all was done discreetly and with an eye constantly on their work, on their fitness to give of their best to the team. That came ahead even of the wishes of the favourite boy-friend.

I am told that les Girls now in waiting, and in training, for the return abroad, have changed from their pre-war elder sisters. They are spoken of as being better nourished and better educated, and more self-reliant—all due to experiences and broadening in the war years. They are also said to be more restive than their immediate predecessors (though I recall some pretty restive ones!). They won't stand for so much of the bridle. Well, as long as they dance as superbly as of yore, and maintain their good name by good behaviour in public, les Girls of the immediate future should once more emerge as Britain's best ambassadresses at a time when they were never more wanted. The British Council manages to send theatrical companies abroad and so has the Old Vic toured too. Good propaganda but not more than les Girls would be in this Europe. They are our most missed export and nothing should be put in the way of their getting passports and visas.

END

The Baillière Ring

(*Continued from page* 19)

and went away. I went back to the hotel feeling a bit flat after that, but he sent me a heavenly bunch of roses next day. He told me long afterwards that he'd got a date with a young woman that night and was only thinking about whether he could win enough to keep it. How we laughed over it. Tom was always like that. He wasn't what a lot of people would call a good husband—I know I wasn't a beauty. But he was wonderfully good to me.

"Ours wasn't one of those holiday romances that are all lapping waves and moonlight. It was steadier and kinder than that from the start. Goodness knows I wanted the romance. I was in love and I believed in my luck. Yet afterwards I was glad that he never kissed me till our last evening. It showed that a girl could scandalize her mother and still hope to meet a man who'd play fair. He wrote to me before I'd been back at work a week.

"I was only afraid of one thing, if we were going to see each other again. If he'd noticed the ring and ever mentioned it, I wouldn't be able to lie to him. I'd told him as honestly as any girl in love could almost everything about myself.

"After we'd got engaged and he was giving me my ring he frightened the life out of me by saying: 'I'm afraid it can't compete with that marvellous ring you were wearing the night I met you. Why don't you ever wear it now? Or had you borrowed it from a rich aunt for your holiday?'

"Actually his was an exquisite little ring. I was quite sure it had cost more than he could afford. I remember how he laughed explaining that a friend in Holland in the business had helped him to get it cheap. There was never anything pretentious about Tom. So I thought there'd better not be anything pretentious about me, and I confessed. He was sweet about it, though I'm afraid he didn't approve. He didn't like me to wear it. So I never put it on again till after he was killed."

"Killed? I'm so sorry."

"On the Somme, in nineteen-sixteen." She glanced proudly at the Distinguished Service Order and Military Cross in a little case on the mantelshelf. "But we'd been happy, and we'd had fun. We were terribly poor at first, but just when we needed money most Tom's luck was in. I was having my baby, and having a bad time. I was in a nursing home for nearly six weeks and while I was there Tom began to make money on the Stock Exchange. It was the time of the rubber boom. Dear Tom, how he did spoil me as soon as he could afford it. He spoilt a few other girls as well, but he was so kind, I couldn't be jealous. Of course there wasn't a fortune left when he was killed, but there was enough to start me in this hotel. And here I am. I suppose if I hadn't taken to crime I'd have been a frightened, helpless companion to some selfish woman all my life. I haven't really got a guilty conscience. It's not as if I'd stolen it to make anything out of it. I believe I was only stealing the right to have a spirit of my own: that's what Tom used to say."

"My dear lady——" Mr. Darlington was thinking very hard.

"Would you like to see it?"

"I was hoping."

She took a crochet hook out of her brocade workbag and stood Moody on his head. "I never thought safes very safe, naturally," she explained, raking inside the figure. Slowly the cotton wool came out. Mr. Darlington remember that he was being made accessory to several thousand pounds worth of larceny and locked the door. The ring was sparkling on her hand when he faced her again.

"May I?" He took his glass from his waistcoat pocket.

"Of course."

He examined the ring with an expression almost of reverence on his face. He had had the expression ready: he had guessed what to expect, yet it was not entirely put on. He could not possibly approve of crime, but he had a soft spot for the Philistine-spoiler and his love of brilliant

(*Continued on page* 58)

Lucky Lady...

Lucky lady indeed—for seven long years Elaine's tea parties have been graced with a beautifully designed electric kettle — a G.E.C. model purchased just before the war — her pride, and the envy of her visitors. No wonder Elaine and her friends are keeping a very sharp look-out for all the good things the G.E.C. are planning to provide in the months to come. Ease, efficiency and comfort, with 'everything electrical' —*are* on the way.

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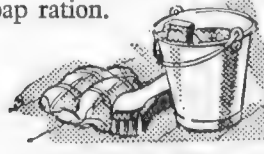

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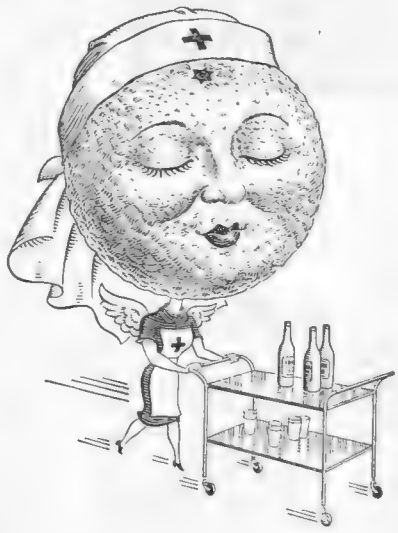

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craftmanship had found amused delight in the masterpiece of a superb gambler.

The stone, the Baillière, and the six clustered about it, the perfectly-matched beauties attendant on a queen of gems, were about the best imitation diamonds he had ever seen.

The original stones, even at the sacrifice of some precautionary recutting arranged by Tom Thornton's friend in the business in Holland, must have fetched a handsome price just in time for the rubber boom, while Mrs. Thornton was safely in that nursing home.

To marry a girl for the sake of seven diamonds; to wait and wait for a chance to substitute the imitations; not to pretend too earnest a love and yet to make her happy; to give her a good time without her suspecting that it was all founded on her own theft; to help her to get the best out of life tolerantly and grow old without regrets; and to have the final luck to die a hero before the bluff could be called.

"Quite, quite perfect," Mr. Darlington said. "It makes a law-abiding man like myself feel very envious."

END

Covent Garden Is Re-born

(*Continued from page 21*)

'The Magic Flute.' Which would you like me to start with?"

"Let's have the Mozart; then we'll see about something else."

And with a feeling as though his innards were being wrung through a mangle, the candidate starts on what may well be the road to fame.

Apart from the possibility of being asked to sing a second aria, there is no indication, at that stage, as to the result of the audition, but if the adjudicators are interested in the voice, *and in the personality of the singer*, he will be asked in the course of a few weeks to come and make a further audition. Things are now really taking shape, and if the first good impression is confirmed, the candidate is invited by letter to come for a final audition, after which in a very short time he will be offered a contract, if his luck is in.

"Thank God that's over!" he says with a relieved grin, after the first ordeal.

And now, flash-back: back to the end of a decade we remember as the end of an era.

The scene is again an auditorium in undress, and the writer—with . . . years' experience of music and people who make it—is right at the back of the otherwise empty auditorium, in three or four rows of which are the shadowy forms of famous artists: the rehearsal is starting—the vast place is in semi-darkness. As linguist and secretary to London's Covent Garden I have my card for the general rehearsal of *Fidelio*. I slip into my seat. A voice from the shadows next to me asks: "Well, how are you all at Covent Garden?"

The date is 1937 and the place—Salzburg. The setting is the Opera House with Lotte Lehmann in *Fidelio*, and all of us are under the spell of Toscanini. *It is 1937 and the last free summer of Europe.* The shadow of the Nazi is over music, too.

Could I have foreseen—and said then—that within the year we should know the extent of our perils and within two years the doors of Covent Garden—so far away and so safe—would be closed?

The wonderful rehearsal started: we did not then know what lay ahead for Salzburg, then London. What would lead to the need for the airman and the mine-sweeping lad to give the war the years they would rather have given to opera. One thing we did learn, however—in war-time—that these English *are* musical. Not that a few of us hadn't suspected it. For example, Sir Thomas Beecham undertook the usual International Season of Opera in the summer of 1939 on his own responsibility. Even for that autumn he had organized a tour of the provinces for our English company, and I came back from a holiday in northern Italy to send out the contracts for him. Well, we had to cancel them, and when the fatal "Notice to all concerned" of closure on September 9, 1939, was posted on the board inside the stage door, it seemed like the end of the world.

War closed Covent Garden as an opera house; it was re-opened to thousands of young Servicemen and women for dancing. But another page of history was turned when in December, 1944, Boosey & Hawkes, the internationally known musical firm decided to take a lease of the Royal Opera House.

To C.E.M.A. (now the Arts Council of Great Britain)—the new lessors of Covent Garden turned for advice on the formation of their committee, and before long they had the late Lord Keynes himself as its chairman.

But the talented advisors on the Covent Garden committee required executive to co-ordinate and carry out plans. They found their man in David L. Webster, of Liverpool—a choice that caused some surprise in London, but soon proved to have been an inspiration.

"Poker-faced" is as good a description as any of David Webster, the alert toughness of the northern business man well to the fore—but momentarily his eyes show a flash of humour. Now we know that this Scot will get across the quicksands in a job where a sense of humour is indeed a saving grace. He is in the early forties, over medium height, with fair skin, ominously thinning brown hair, broad shoulders, and (as he himself says) a figure that doesn't look well on a bicycle any more.

For an initial period, from October, 1944, I acted as Mr. Webster's assistant until such time as I could resume my more accustomed job of organizing auditions, "handling any foreigners," and generally acting as liaison officer between singers and administration.

We were installed temporarily at Boosey and Hawkes' Regent Street offices, and it was there (and whilst travelling weekly to his northern home) that its new chief blocked out the scheme for Covent Garden's future. An intensely interesting period, during which was gathered together the nucleus of the staff for both front and back of house. Actually—apart from Frank Ballard, chief of mechanical staff, Sidney Cheney, chief electrician, Tom Jackson, stage door keeper, and myself—the personnel of the entire set-up at the Opera House is now of Mr. Webster's creation.

House-moving for opera is a major and a combined operation. It was only after infuriating delays that we moved into the Opera House in October, 1945. David Webster's personal secretary, Denys Fisher, fought yard by yard, coupon by coupon, for materials for scenery, dresses, the auditorium. For instance, the little shades for all the lights in the auditorium had to be replaced, and in real silk—because of fire regulations.

On February 12, 1946, the King and Queen, their daughters and Queen Mary and a packed house greeted *The Sleeping Beauty*.

And so, to-day, behind-the-scenes administrative and artistic brains and brawn are bent to one purpose—the creation and maintenance of a resident opera company under the Covent Garden Opera Trust that will, among other things, give a break to British music and musicians and singers.

Finally to me—as I write this—comes back a memory of the Opera House—George the Fifth and Queen Mary, smiling down from the royal box—smiling and bowing to Melba as, framed in flowers that great singer and great lady stood alone on the stage saying good-bye to what she called her artistic home. George the Sixth and his Queen Elizabeth may well greet other stars from the royal box in the immediate future—among them men and women who, this summer, have stood, with hammering hearts, alone on that darkened stage, to sing through their first Opera House audition.

END

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Meeting At Night (*Continued from page 28*)

She was never blind to anyone's troubles."

"Anyhow, that's another point. This romantic guy he got on a ship. Well, Katrine, you know quite well that in the nineteen twenties for a young man—already in love, with every emotion at fever pitch—to get on an ocean liner . . . well, it was just like sitting down on a keg of dynamite and putting a match to the fuse. I think it's going to have a very steadying influence on the rising generation, that they won't need to travel that way."

"Please keep to the point."

"Sorry, I will. So this boy met a woman on that ship . . . a girl who knew all the answers. He made a fool of himself, went so far, in fact, that he felt he'd cut himself off for ever from the golden girl he'd left behind. He felt he'd poisoned their love and it altered his whole view of himself and the world. In other words, his idealism was shattered, and as you know, there's no fellow so screwy as a disappointed idealist."

"Quite. But even so, he could have explained, have answered her letters."

"No, he couldn't, not he."

She gave a dry little laugh. "He was quite happy. He married his shipboard love, I believe?"

"He did. She married him. That was the pay off. It didn't last long, thank God. After the divorce he settled right down to the business of getting himself a career and some cash. He certainly needed that."

"And succeeded?"

"Yes. He made what you might call over here an almost vulgar amount of money."

They came to the end of the walk, stood a moment looking out across the dreaming landscape and turned and walked back.

He said: "Well, that's all about him. Now what about her, that girl of twenty years ago?"

"Does it matter now? It's all so completely, so finally over. Why should you have any curiosity about what happened after you left?"

He stopped her. "Me? Don't you mean that poor guy we were talking about?"

She nodded. "Yes, that poor guy and Katrine Fanning. It's hard to believe now that she really minded so much and felt all that—first the pain of his going away, the hope of hearing from him, then the half hope, the waiting for letters. And at last being forced to admit that someone she'd loved and believed in could be like that!"

Her voice stopped abruptly. They walked on over the grass. There was no sound but the swish of her frock brushing the flowers as she passed, and now and then the small tinkling sound of water falling into the fountain on the terrace below.

He glanced down at her lovely small head, silver in the moonlight, and at her small oval face, silver-pale, too.

She said, after a pause, and her tone had changed: "And then came Charles and they were married."

"Not so long after, was it?"

"Oh no, quite soon."

"And she recovered."

"That wasn't so soon. But if you're very unhappy and can't be truly yourself there's quite a lot of compensation, of satisfaction to be got out of not trying for personal happiness but . . . but . . ." She paused, searching for words, "but simply trying to be one link in a long chain of fine people."

"Charles's people?"

"Yes. Hers, too, now. There were neighbours, friends, work, all the duties and responsibilities of a big place like this. Everything built up her life and made it worth while—perfect at last." The anger gone from her voice it had a lyrical quality, like the sound of the crystal drops falling back into the fountain. "So you see," she said, "why you must go away and not try to bring back all that old time. Don't try, please."

He stood still and looked up at the façade of the Georgian house with its subtly perfect proportions, its glowing fanlights, its creamy stones and its setting of gardens and parklands.

He said: "Yes, it's wonderfully satisfying, this place. So, as you were saying, she played at being happy and at last the play became real."

"Happy ever after. Because Charles was the best person, the best husband, the most lovable human being ever born. There's only one man *ever* for her."

"It's easy to see that. Not," he added quickly, "that I had the smallest notion of trying to take her from him. You didn't think that, did you?"

"No, no, of course not."

"I expect if the truth were really told it's just that once I was back in this country again I couldn't keep away from here."

"When did you get back?" she asked.

"Yesterday. For the last six years I've been all over this troubled little earth on special missions for the U.S. Government, but I'm back in England at last for my own pleasure."

"Alone?"

"Yes. Who would I have with me?"

"No, I mean—I thought perhaps . . ."

"No, I didn't marry again. Nothing ever seemed to be just right for it."

They stood at the foot of the terrace steps with the sweet scented silver air flowing round them. But they didn't go up the steps. They both paused as though something held them there, not able to go on or turn back, not able, certainly, to end finally what after all was really ended.

One hand lifting her long skirt from the step above, she looked up at the house, a long glance that seemed to challenge each lighted window to reproach her. A sigh, or almost a sigh, escaped her. Her beauty at that moment was oddly elusive. Even her personality seemed to have taken on a shimmering quality as though new and troubled currents of feeling were breaking up and changing its familiar pattern.

She said at last, turning to him with a veiled half-smile: "Oh well, there doesn't seem to be anything more to say, does there?"

"No, it seems not. That's about all, I guess."

"And so—I think I'd better go in."

"Yes, of course, you must go in. You've been very kind to listen to me for so long."

She put out her hand. "Good-bye, Raymond."

"Good-bye, Katrine." He took her hand. It lay in his lightly, while she looked at him, still hesitating, as though trying to resolve something she couldn't clear from her mind.

He saw the look of puzzlement and asked: "Is there something you want to ask me before you go?"

"No. Oh no . . . I mean, there is something, but I don't know what. I suppose it's just the moonlight that makes me feel so—so different—makes such an unreal world and . . ."

"Makes me feel," he said, "that I've had a great number of glasses of vintage champagne."

She laughed. "Yes, I suppose that's what it *does* feel like."

"So being admittedly somewhat drunk, from one thing and another, I'm going to give myself the satisfaction of saying just one thing before you go. It's this: Katrine, how lovely you are!"

"Still?" she said. "Say still if you want to."

He laughed aloud, and she thought his laughter in the moonlit garden sounded wonderful and joyous.

"Still," he echoed. "As lovely as a dream, with your silver-blonde hair and your long dark eyes and your mouth that looks pale in this light. I expect it's blood-red in the daytime."

"Don't, please." She shivered as though caught in a sudden chill. She leant back against the turn by the steps and covered her face with her hands. (*Continued on page 62*)

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He said quickly, going close to her: "Forgive me, I didn't mean to—to upset you. I didn't think you'd mind."

"It's all right. I'm silly and emotional to-night. I can't think what it is. I'm just *too* silly."

"It's the moonlight," he said softly.

She lifted her head and looked at him with a look of dreaming intentness. Then they made one move towards each other, one simultaneous movement, and without another word—no protest on her part or hesitation on his—she was in his arms, pressed close against him, his mouth on hers for a long lost timeless moment.

At the end of that moment Katrine ran up the steps, over the terrace, through the open doorway and into the drawing-room. She crossed the long room, blonde hair and lace gown floating, and hurried towards the room's one occupant sitting by the reading lamp.

She said breathlessly: "Mother . . . darling, I've got something to tell you."

The slim pale woman lifted her head from her book. "Katrine, dear, what's the matter? You look so flushed and strange."

"Do I? Yes. Mother, Raymond Opie has come back." Like a swift bird she stooped and brushed with her lips the top of the silver-blonde head. "He's in the garden, he's just coming in."

She ran quickly out and upstairs as Raymond entered.

Stepping into the room he came forward. "Katrine. Katrine the First. I thought it was you for a minute under the trees. But only for a minute. I knew you couldn't nurse an injury done to yourself twenty years ago. But someone who loved you might, a daughter, for instance."

"I know," she laughed. "I told her my life story once. I'm afraid it made almost too much impression on her.

He said suddenly, seriously: "I was just wondering——" and paused.

"Yes, what?"

"I was wondering if any man could ever make her as happy as Charles has made you."

"I think so. Yes, Raymond, of course. Why don't you try?"

"I mean to," he said.

END

How The "Atlantic Gap" Was Bridged

(*Continued from page* 29)

preliminary conversations with Dr. Salazar must have been able to agree with the Portuguese Premier's opinions and statements as to why Portugal was neutral.

Sir Ronald has stated that Dr. Salazar listened courteously, never interrupted, heard him out and then replied.

The reply, according to Sir Ronald, was that the Portuguese Premier's advisers had told him that if he granted the Allies facilities in the Azores there were three possible reactions to be expected from the Germans: the Germans could, and probably would, bombard Lisbon and Oporto; they might make a direct attack with a landing force, from Bordeaux, or they might march through Spain and invade Portugal by that route.

If the Germans took any of those steps, said Dr. Salazar, his fighting services would need assistance.

This frank statement was not very encouraging. It was agreed, however, that Great Britain should furnish sufficient war equipment to create three Portuguese divisions.

Although the Atlantic war was at its height and a great drive was on in Great Britain to produce more tanks, more guns, more planes, more munitions, British ships brought to Lisbon masses of the finest war material in the world. British barrage balloons were in the Portuguese air by day, British searchlights swept the Portuguese night skies; British instructors taught Portuguese airmen to fly British Spitfires. British tanks and guns and armoured cars rolled along the Lisbon streets. Material worth millions of pounds sterling was presented to Portugal, free, gratis and for the loaning of air bases in the Azores to defend right against wrong.

When negotiations had reached this stage, a British mission of Navy, Army and R.A.F. officers went to Lisbon and the Portuguese set up a mission of equivalent strength and technical negotiations began in the deepest secrecy.

Although the German Secret Service in Portugal was supposed to be very good, and no doubt was very good, and the negotiations were carried on under their very noses, the Germans never learned sufficient of what was going on to sabotage any of the important work afoot.

The sinkings were very bad in the Atlantic and negotiations in Lisbon were speeded up. On August 7, 1943, the agreement was signed in Lisbon.

Early in October a combined force sailed from Liverpool for the Azores. The force consisted of a R.A.S.C. unit; a R.E.M.E. unit, a R.A.O.C. unit. There were Royal Engineers, with an airfield construction company, also a Signals unit. There was a naval force and an R.A.F. Coastal Command force. The combined force totalled approximately 3,000 men, under the command of Air Vice-Marshal (now Sir) G. R. Bromet, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

In the early morning of October 8, 1943, the British force steamed into the Bay of Angra, while a small R.A.F. detachment went to the island of San Miguel to install themselves on an emergency landing field, and the Navy established itself at Faial, a famed orange-growing island. British headquarters were first established in an old Spanish fort, overlooking the Bay of Angra; Angra is on Terceira Island.

On the morning of October 8, 1943, it was rumoured in the Lisbon cafés that the British had landed in the Azores.

That night Sir Ronald Campbell entertained the correspondents of the British newspapers at dinner in the British Embassy. About midnight Sir Ronald made the formal announcement of the landing and said that Mr. Churchill would make a statement in the House of Commons at 6 p.m. the next day.

When the journalists tried to cable the ambassador's statement to London they found that there were mysterious cable interruptions.

For some days following the official announcement in the Portuguese Press there was considerable nervousness in Portugal, but when it was seen that the Germans could not do anything about the matter, the incident of the landing was soon forgotten.

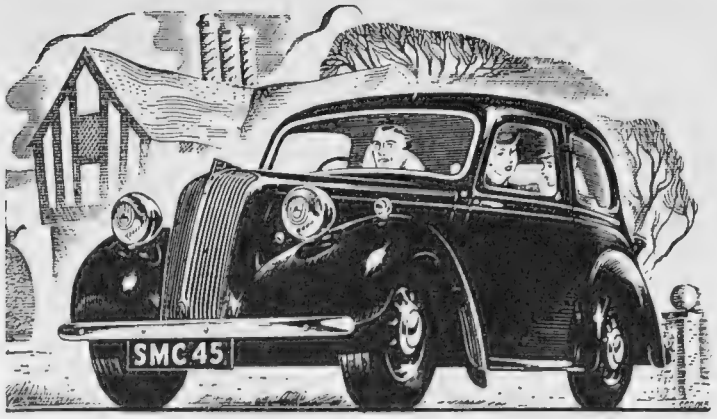
Meanwhile, over in the Azores there was considerable activity.

Air Vice-Marshal Bromet had allotted twenty-five days for the completion of the first runway, and in twenty-five days the job was done, but what an effort! A whole village had to be wiped out and 120 families displaced. Later British engineers and builders built the Portuguese families a new village, better and more modern than the one they had displaced.

When the first runway was completed it was blessed by the three padres with the combined force with the following prayer: "Bless, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this runway, and all who have helped to build it, and as it has been built with the desire to end evil, oppression and unrighteousness, grant Thy mercy unto all who use it, so that now, and in the future, it may be a guarantee of peace and righteousness, through Jesus Christ Our Lord."

As soon as the runway was functioning, the hunt for the undersea boats began, and on November 9, 1943, a month and a day after the landing, the first German U-boat was sunk.

How many German submarines were sunk from the Azores? you (*Continued on page* 64)



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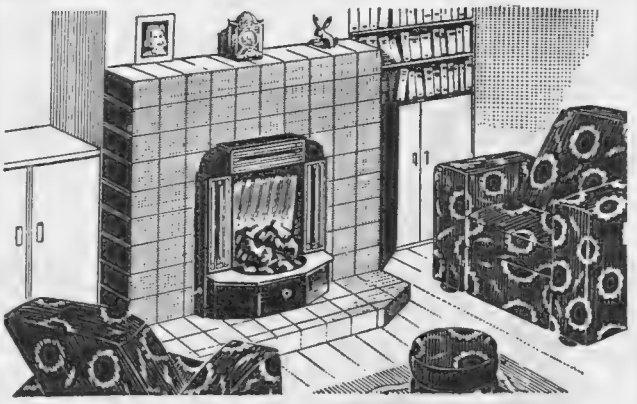

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may be asking. Authority answers your query thus: "The undoubted success of the Azores air bases cannot be gauged by the number of German submarines sunk." Authority adds that British losses were extraordinarily light. June 2, when the British handed back the air bases to the Portuguese, it was announced that we had, during the war, made 3,115 take-offs from the Azores bases, flown 24,978 hours, sighted thirty-eight enemy submarines, and had made nineteen attacks.

Now no longer did the U-boats surface; no more sunbathing. The German submarines had to remain below the surface and began to use *Schnorkels*, a thin pipe projecting like a periscope and which was used both as an exhaust for noxious fumes and for the intake of fresh air.

On the islands there was a constant battle with the elements. Atlantic storms blew away tents; torrential rains washed away roads. Fog and mist enveloped the islands, which with radar not yet functioning 100 per cent made the creation of emergency landing fields on other islands necessary.

One such field was on the island of Picc where there is a volcanic mountain between 7,000 and 8,000 feet high. Airmen had to be specially briefed about this mountain.

Although the British force had made strenuous attempts to build the necessary airfield, they had not the essential heavy equipment, so just after Christmas, 1943, a heavily equipped force landed on Santa Maria Island, coming from the United States, and were under the command of the British senior officer.

Some of the men who directed the British squadrons were Group Captain B. V. Reynolds, C.B.C., the first S.A.S.O. at group headquarters; Group Captain W. E. Oulton, D.S.O., the first station commander; Wing Commander P. E. Hadow, who made the first landing on the Azores after the agreement was signed.

Wing Commanders R. H. Warcup, R. B. Thomson, D.S.O., D.F.C., and J. M. N. Pike, D.S.O., D.F.C., also rendered distinguished services.

During a combat with a U-boat in the Atlantic, north of the Azores, the rear gunner

How The "Atlantic Gap" Was Bridged

of one of the British aircraft, Flying Officer B. W. Heard, was so seriously wounded by the enemy's flak that his leg had to be amputated when the aircraft returned to base. But the U-boat was sunk!

The Azores were so named on account of the number of buzzards which nested there. They were mistaken for hawks, or *açores* as they are called in Portuguese.

The British and American "hawks" certainly wrought havoc among the U-boats, but the British officers and men did not have a very gay time on those fog-bound islands. They organized handicraft and painting exhibitions; they built a theatre they called the "Azorina," where they put on Garrison Theatre shows. They organized athletic meetings and ran a newspaper. They attended local bull fights and some of our boys insisted on climbing into the arena and showing the Portuguese how to "tackle" a bull. And all the time they were either sinking submarines or keeping them out of harm's way below the surface. Then one day Florence Desmond and Kay Cavendish appeared with an ENSA party.

The Garrison Theatre had a piano, but that piano had assisted at too many mess parties, and had had too many glasses of beer poured into it. "Dessie" did not approve of the piano, but she said nothing. However, when she returned to London Miss Desmond took a crate of juicy pineapples back to Britain. These she sold by auction from the stage of His Majesty's Theatre, London, bought a new piano, *and had it flown to the Azores.*

The combined force in the Azores wondered how long they would have to stay. June 3, 1946, two years and eight months after the landing, the loaned air bases in the Azores were handed back to Portugal.

The British Ambassador to Lisbon, now Sir Owen O'Malley, should have flown there for the ceremony, *but there was no British aircraft available to take him!*

END

Veni, Vidi, Vicki (*Continued from page 32*)

He did better at Columbia and he took off again. It wasn't the usual thing, Pete knew, for the co-pilot to make the landings and take-offs regularly, but McCann was giving him the works and Pete was sweating like an Eskimo under a palm tree.

McCann took over after Columbia and Pete check-pointed and talked to Savannah on the radio and Vicki came up to the cabin and she said, "How's everything?" and she smiled at McCann and she smiled at Pete, and for the first time Pete gave her a good warm smile back. He felt so good he wanted to thank her for giving him encouragement and he was so mad at the crazy things just looking at Vicki did to him, he wanted to curse her. So he just went on making another check point and talking to Savannah out of the overcast that had enveloped them and he didn't say anything and Vicki went back to her passengers.

Savannah said, "There's a fog rolling in off the Atlantic that may have everything blanketed by the time you get here."

McCann heard it through his phones. He looked at Pete. Pete looked at McCann. The captain said, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Pete checked his E.T.A. at Savannah. He said into his mike, "What's your judgment, Savannah?" He knew what he'd do if he was flying the Hump. He'd go on through and make the landing. He'd done it plenty of times.

"Have you gas enough for Jacksonville?" Savannah asked.

Pete made the check. "Just about."

Savannah took time to talk it over.

Pete thought about Vicki. He stole a glance down the aisle at Vicki. She was fitting a pillow behind the head of an old lady five seats back.

"Well, what are you going to do?" McCann demanded.

Pete was calculating swiftly. They might take a chance. If anything happened to the radio equipment in the fog they might get through to Jacksonville. Then he thought about Vicki again. He thought about the passengers, too, but he thought about Vicki more.

"We're going back to Columbia," Pete said.

McCann looked plenty sore. He said, "What's the idea? You scared?"

"No, sir," Pete said.

"How long do you think the airlines would run if every plane turned back at the first sign of fog?"

Pete held to the yoke. He said in his mike, "We're turning back, Savannah. We're turning back to land at Columbia," and he felt kind of good about it in spite of McCann heckling him. Vicki had been nice to him. He felt good because she'd be safe.

McCann said, "I thought you fresh meat pilots off the Hump weren't afraid of anything."

Pete felt someone standing in the doorway of the office. He looked round and it was Vicki. She looked at McCann and she didn't smile. She looked at Pete and she smiled.

"Flight Nine calling Columbia," Pete said. "Come in, Columbia. We're coming back. Over."

Columbia said everything was okay to come back and land.

McCann said, "We'll stay here at the Columbia Airport and see if the fog lifts at Savannah in a reasonable time." They'd hold the passengers for an hour or two, also.

Pete's morale slumped to a new low. He went off by himself. He went into the men's room and smoked a couple of cigarettes where he could be out of sight.

There wasn't much (*Continued on page 66*)

(X) marks the spot where Cupid was *defeated*

CLEAN fresh clothes are a credit to you. What's more, clean clothes last longest! So it's well worth while perking up a dress or suit after every wearing.

Just moisten a clean cloth with a little Thawpit and go over the back of the collar, elbows and cuffs—they catch dirt first. But look out for any other soiled places. And don't wait until a garment is noticeably grimy.

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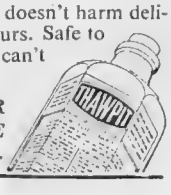

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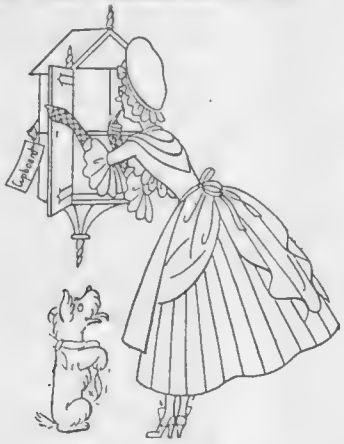

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone
When she got there the cupboard was bare
So the poor dog had none!"

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD must have been a very strange woman indeed! For even in these days of strict rationing all larders have *something* in them—and in a great many there is always a packet of Weetabix! This delicious cereal food can be enjoyed in many different ways—on its own or with milk (hot or cold), butter, cheese, jam, honey or soft fruits in season. Children have a special word of their own for Weetabix; and that word is "Um-m!"

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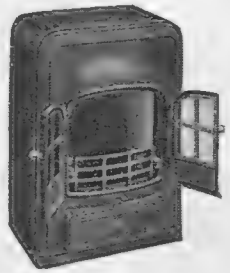

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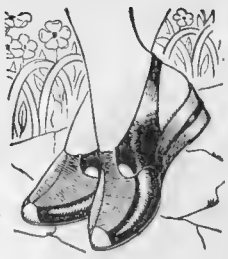

How to be a well-dressed Wedge shoe by 'Meltonian'

A word to the wedge! If a woman feels comfortable when she's well-dressed, so does a shoe. If you two wedge shoes are well-dressed with Meltonian Cream, you'll *stay* comfy for years. What's that? You're a bit off-colour? I'll keep you supple, shapely, and shining gaily in your true colours. If it's the last squeak that comes out of you, murmur 'Meltonian' to your mistress!

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For home pickling—red cabbage, onions, green tomatoes, beetroot and other vegetables—you'll get a fuller and richer flavour when you use Goodall's Pickling Spice. Whole spice (not ground). Use like this. Take 1 oz. spice to each quart of vinegar. Tie in a muslin bag. Bruise well, drop into the vinegar and boil for the required time, according to recipe. Leave in till cold but remove before bottling. Use also for sousing mackerel and herrings.

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Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds

PICKLING SPICE 18

Veni, Vidi, Vicki

for him to wait for. He was through either here or if they went on to Miami. It didn't make much difference.

He thought about Vicki and he went outside and walked slowly round the back of the air terminal and he leaned against the back of the main hangar and smoked another cigarette. It was going to be tough now, after meeting Vicki, being washed out.

He thought about strawberries and the thought made the cigarette taste badly and he put it out and headed for the lunch counter. He saw Vicki sitting on a stool with a cup of coffee before her. He wanted to go and sit beside her, but he didn't. He sat down at the other end of the counter because he'd rather be alone.

He ordered coffee and doughnuts when Vicki came over with her coffee cup and she took the stool next to him. She said, "Where've you been?"

"Just hanging round," Pete said. "Waiting to see what develops."

"Captain McCann's in Operations checking on the weather," she said. "He said if I saw you to tell you you're okay."

Pete looked at her. She was smiling, but he was frowning. He said, "He said what?"

She laughed. She had a very merry little laugh. She said, "Don't you believe me?"

"Well," Pete said, "I——"

"Captain McCann made me pretty mad, too, the way he was riding you," she said.

"I guess he doesn't like Hump pilots," Pete said. He was coming up out of the cellar, but very warily.

"I understand that Captain McCann had a kid brother who was killed flying the Hump," she said. "Maybe that had something to do with his attitude."

"Maybe," Pete said.

"But he said you were all right," she said. "I thought you'd like to know."

"You bet," Pete said. He looked at her uncertainly. "You aren't kidding?"

"No. Of course not," she said. She laughed at him again, happily. "Aren't you pleased?"

"Sure," Pete said. "But I don't get it."

"I think the fact that you decided to turn back when the fog had closed in Savannah decided him," she said. "That must have made him feel sure you'd use the caution that the airlines require rather than the daredevil tactics of Hump fliers."

"Did he say that?"

"In a way. All the way down he was afraid you wouldn't do until you turned back to lay over at Columbia."

"Well, what do you know?" Pete said. "Funny thing about that. If it hadn't been for you—maybe——"

"What about me?"

He grinned. "Oh, nothing much. Maybe some day I might tell you."

"You won't tell me now?" She smiled upon him.

She had the loveliest lips. They'd be nice lips to have around for kissing purposes some day, Pete decided. He said, "I'll tell you—some day."

END

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

Los Angeles and Hollywood, samples places like the Coconut Grove, even gets a bit tiddley and buys an $800 pink dress, expiating thus: "David, if you want to divorce me, I deserve it. You can even have the children. I'm not fit to take care of them. I'm not fit to be let loose without a keeper . . . "? She makes such a gay adventure of marriage that we can't believe her when she sits up in bed in Chapter 6 and says "I'm stagnating." Perish the thought that, one day when she tires of Claudia, Miss Franken should give us "Claudia Divorced." She would be a Frankenstein monster to do it. . . .

A U.S. Pressman's affair with an R.A.F. officer's wife is the luridly frank theme of Mr. John Kovack's "On My Faithless Arm" (Sampson Low, 8s. 6d.). The slick, staccato dialogue abounds in hells which seem to be mainly liquid and not much underproof. "Fill 'em up," says Mick. "We shall drink to inflammation of the gut." Their idyll has moments like this: "Stella dug her toes into my calves. I lashed out at her with my foot and missed. I am no gentleman in bed." Here's quickfire entertainment for the hard-boiled. If it could get past the Hays office it would make a cracking film with the title "Forever Faithless" or "No Gentleman in Bed."

WE'VE had stories of R.A.F. heroes who found raids just a piece of cake. For a change, Mr. Francis Heaton-Chapel's "The Land is Bright" (Hammond, 8s. 6d.) is about a bomber pilot who has to live down the bluest of funk and a D.F.C. which should rightly have gone to his co-pilot before he can make good. I've never read a grimmer account of what it is like to be sick with fear among the searchlight cones, flares, and enemy fighters over the target area. A good war novel with "Flare Path," "Way to the Stars" background.

WE meet a "young man with a second-rate public school tie and accent" and "two young women of the stenographic sort and a pronounced aroma of Nuits d' Amour" on the first page of Mr. Hugh P. McGraw's "The Unwary" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.). Not a bad start for a satirical novel about suburbia and the lesson a cynical, disillusioned mid-aged business rake has to learn when he falls in love with a friend's sixteen-years-young daughter:

> Only the unwary
> Gives his heart to a child
> Or a fairy.

Raymond and Maureen are sympathetic studies. At the rest of his suburblings he pokes the kind of fun that suburbia will love, thinking he is jibing at *other* suburbs.

THE point of Miss Dorothy Eden's "Summer Sunday" (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) seems to be that if you are two maiden sisters shy of the merest breath of scandal, be wary of giving houseroom to a suddenly orphaned niece of nineteen. The scandals Teresa brings in her train concern her mother, who had been banished in disgrace twenty years earlier, and her boy friend, Ranny Morrow, who is wrongfully charged with shooting his stepfather. In the general shake-up one sister becomes interested in a married man, the other in racehorses, so at least it does some good. Or does it? Anyway, Teresa, a nice girl, wins through.

IT is the Pacific sun that beats down on a "Cat" flying boat fatally winged in sinking a German submarine in "The High Barbaree" (Faber, 7s. 6d.) by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. What can the two survivors do but talk and hope? One of them, Alec Brooke, tells of his life and of an uncharted island a hundred miles off which has become part of its dream. In the end he finds he is talking to a dead man, falls asleep, and wakes on that dream-isle among bright lights and people he loves. Or does he, outside that eternity which transcends space and time? The final pages of this sensitively-written novel leave the reader to decide where reality merged into that psychic dimension we call death.

"Herbert Farjeon's Cricket Bag" (Macdonald & Co., 8s. 6d.): A collection of the inimitable writings on cricket by the late Herbert Farjeon.

"Spaniard's House," by Robert Temple (Macdonald & Co., 8s. 6d.): A novel of thrills, romance and humour.

"The Passing of the Puritan," by Sidney Dark (Skeffington, 8s. 6d.): The author describes the faith of Puritanism in the sixteenth century, and insists that it has had

an evil, religious, social and political influence on English life.

"Here Be Dragons," a new book of sermons by W. H. Elliott (Skeffington, 7s. 6d.).

"Death Stalks the Waterway," by Simon Dewes (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.): A thriller in a sinister setting.

"The Irresponsibles," by Elizabeth Ford (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.): The story of a charming family during a period from 1890 to the present day, with a setting that is half in the country and half in the St. John's Wood of pre-war days.

"G.B.S. 90," edited by S. Winsten (Hutchinson, 21s.): Aspects of Bernard Shaw's life and work.

"I've Been Around," by Ida Hurst (John Long, 18s.): Terrific zest for life and sense of humour in difficult times are found in this new instalment of the author's adventures.

"The Cruise of the Breadwinner: A tale of the sea," by H. E. Bates (Michael Joseph, 5s.).

"Of Smiling Peace," by Stefan Heym (Skeffington, 10s. 6d.): A vivid dramatic novel, the scene of which is set in French North Africa in the days immediately following the shock of the capture of the coastal ports by the Allied Forces.

"The Toad Beneath the Harrow," by Joan Morgan (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.): An intimate study of a woman's evolution.

"Too Many Cousins," by Douglas G. Browne (Macdonald & Co., 8s. 6d.): Detective fiction of the first order.

"Thunder in the Offing," by Paddy Sylvanus (Macdonald & Co., 8s. 6d.): The secret lives of the inhabitants of Sweetcombe, where love, hate and superstition mingled to strange effect.

END

Dolman Sleeve Jacket

(*Continued from page* 40)

80 sts. remain. Then every row until 56 sts. remain. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 26 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles cast on 9 sts. Work in moss st. Work 2 rows. Make buttonhole: Work 3 sts., cast off 3 sts., work 3 sts.

Next row.—Work 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 3 sts. Continue in ribbing for 22 ins., making further buttonholes 3 ins. apart. Work 2 rows after last buttonhole. Cast off.

Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles, cast on 131 sts. Work in moss st. for ¾ in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts on the wrong side with a damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up the shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves. Sew in buttonhole strip the right-hand side of work. Sew on the other strip the left-hand side of work. Sew on the neck band. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over; m. = make; s. = slip.

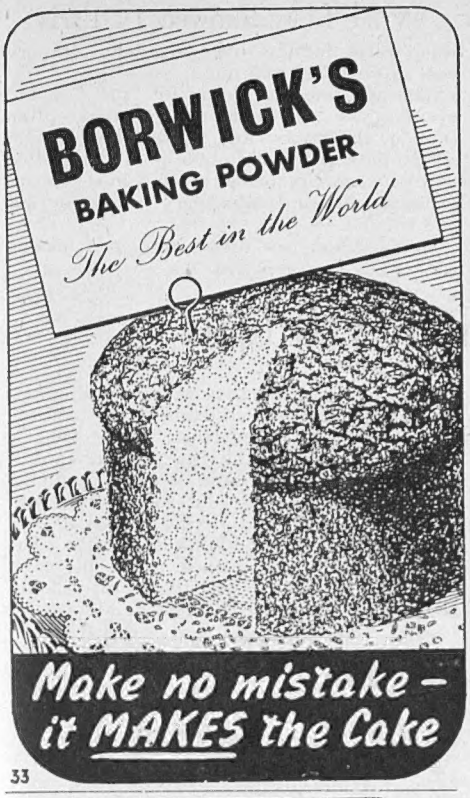
Note.—B. = brown; g. = green; y. = yellow.

What They Showed In Paris

(*Continued from page* 36)

Balmain's dinner-dresses are quite charming, full-skirted, with very plain tops, some cut with ordinary shirt-waist, and some looking like a sweater.

SCHIAPARELLI is showing a new silhouette—shoulders are completely devoid of padding, the waist is nipped in snugly and dresses, jackets, top-coats and evening gowns have small but perfectly formed bustles. Tweed and wool dresses have a large tuck just above the hem line and sometimes the tuck is (*Continued on page* 68)



33

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P4

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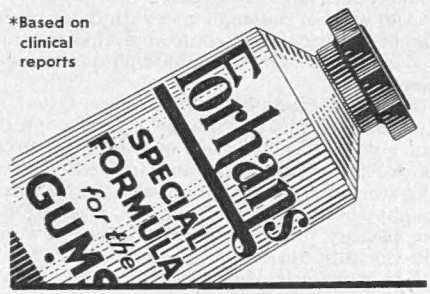

freedom at all times

Away from restrictions, away from worry . . . free to go where she likes and to wear what she likes . . . that's the woman who uses Tampax! For Tampax *means* freedom, no matter the date, for Tampax is worn internally . . . is safer, surer, more hygienic, *quite invisible.* Leisure times can be pleasure times — on dance floor or golf links, *everywhere.* And each Tampax is contained in its own individual applicator, ensuring perfect cleanliness.

TAMPAX

No Belts • No Pins • No Pads

Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex

higher at the front of the skirt than at the back. Large, square pockets are placed at the front and the back of jackets—four in all, two at the front and two at the back. On top-coats for air travel enormous pockets are placed below the waist and repeated low down towards the hem. The top-coats are tremendously bulky. Scotch tweeds are used for many of the suits, most of them with scarves.

Balenciaga's collection is, I think, the most elegant I have ever seen, and the evening dresses are so beautiful they should be shown at a special collection. All the full-skirted evening gowns are made of faille, and those on slim Empire lines are of satin, topped by boleros heavily embroidered with jet or sequins. The most wonderful colour combinations are used. A full-skirted gown of champagne-coloured faille has a black net top sprinkled with jet. A white satin dress cut on Empire lines has a black velvet bolero embroidered with real diamonds. Cinnamon-bark corded taffeta is used for a full-skirted dress embroidered with black jet. The silhouette here, for day dresses, is the wasp-waist fullness over hips and drapery well down below the hips.

The new line this winter for both day and evening, is the narrow shoulders often sloping, tight-waist and padded hips, longer skirts, narrow to the hobble point, and often with the drapery below the hip line. Plenty of jet sequin and embroidery, rich materials and colours.

Fine fashions for us to copy in a meagre way.

END

What They Showed In Paris

Art Hoax Which Cost The World Millions

(*Continued from page* 23)

His "Vermeers" are new creations, not copies of existing masterpieces. This, quite apart from his phenomenal technical knowledge, was one of the secrets of his astounding success. How much more likely the chance of discovery if he had copied existing Vermeers!

As his succession of "Vermeers" was discovered, usually in romantic circumstances, they accorded perfectly with what a discovery should be—new and unknown in composition; familiar in technique and colour combination. Having passed the aesthetic test, there remained only the technical obstacles: the X-ray, cold recorder of fact; chemicals that would tell a fatal tale unless counter-measures were taken.

And what of the small man with the delicate hands who, since his "confession" has become a fugitive from Press photographers and newsmen?

His story reads like fiction, except that it has the graphic touch that only the truth can give. It is the story of a man tortured by frustrated ambition and injured vanity. The story of a man who, intoxicated by long-sought success, even though he was denied the pleasure of basking in it, was betrayed into incautiousness.

For it was the quantity, not the quality, of "discovered" masters that aroused suspicion in the end. If he had stopped at his first great success—the "Emmausgangers"—postcard reproductions of this work, which was sold to the Dutch State for 1,250,000 guilders, might have continued indefinitely to be best sellers at Rotterdam's famous Boymans museum.

Henricus Anthonius van Meegeren was born on November 10, 1889, at Deventer, and, after an elementary and secondary school education, studied to be an architectural engineer at the technical school in Delft, Vermeer's birthplace. He abandoned his studies, however, for painting. The turning-point in his career, which aroused his unquenchable hatred of the art connoisseurs, came when he was proposed as chairman of the Art Circle in The Hague in 1932 but was not elected. In that year he left The Hague and went to live in the south of France partly because he felt he was "misunderstood by the art critics."

He settled down with his second wife at Roquebrune, at the villa Primavera, where he established his studio. There he lived for about six years, earning fair sums by painting portraits of wealthy British and American tourists. The lack of recognition afforded to his work continued to feed the smouldering hatred in his soul.

On what he calls "a fatal day," he decided to wreak his revenge "on the art critics, experts, and others coquetting round the fringes of art," by producing something they had never seen before. In various Dutch and foreign museums he had made a thorough study of the works of Vermeer to acquire the necessary knowledge to produce so-called genuine Vermeers. He then set out to discover what materials Vermeer had used in his own time.

While in The Hague he had picked up on a second-hand bookstall a thick book written in German on "Oils and Fats." It seemed at the time to be what he was looking for. The book contained a short article on the process of hardening artificial resin (*kunsthars*).

By an investigation of Vermeer's works, van Meegeren established which paints the master used. He found that, apart from ordinary paints, he needed genuine ultramarine and "zinober." But there was another technical difficulty to be overcome. Seventeenth-century paints are insoluble, and the paint on his own "Vermeer" must be insoluble if it was to stand the test of chemicals. He experimented with tireless patience until he found a method of hardening the paint so that it passed all the usual tests. He mixed the paints with artificial resin and heated the mixture to 120 degrees centigrade. The result was paint of seventeenth-century hardness.

It was to the British firm of Winsor and Newton that van Meegeren turned in 1931 for his supply of ultramarine. He bought one Dutch ounce, he says (four English ounces—an unusual quantity, probably almost equivalent to the firm's yearly sales).

Round about 1934, van Meegeren bought in Amsterdam an oil painting of the "Raising of Lazarus" by an unknown early seventeenth-century artist. From this canvas he cut a strip about thirty centimetres wide, to reduce it to the size he wanted. After he had removed the white of lead with soda he set about painting the "Emmausgangers," the work that was to humble the experts to the dust—in his eyes. That was to be his secret joke.

Van Meegeren worked in his studio in Nice feverishly and in deep secret. His studio was banned even to his wife. Only one person ever crossed the threshold of his laboratory of revenge: an unknown Italian male model who did some posing in the neighbourhood. This man helped van Meegeren to delineate correctly the folds in the holy garments. For the rest, van Meegeren drew entirely on his own imagination. He worked on it at intervals for about six or seven months, and declares it was completed in the spring of 1937. When it was finished he placed the canvas in a triplex crate and subjected it to a heating process. He then took it out and varnished it.

The *craquelure* on the canvas, so vital to the identification of old pictures, did not satisfy him, so he bent the canvas round a cylinder to open the cracks a little more. He then smeared them with Indian ink. He washed the canvas with water and removed the varnish with turpentine. Applying a second coat of varnish he watched the colour turn brown and old, and saw the varnish crack.

Only one thing was now lacking: Vermeer's own signature, the final touch to convince the experts. His study of the signature had not been wasted, and when he had applied it to his satisfaction he heated it separately. The "Emmausgangers" was complete.

But the real test was still to come when disposing of the picture. A close friend of van Meegeren's, who frequently came to visit him at Roquebrune, seemed a likely mediator. Van Meegeren, who was determined to remain in the background, invented a story to account for the discovery of the painting.

He had a woman friend, he said, called Mavroeke, who, together with her daughter, had inherited a collection of more than 160 old paintings. The father, who formerly lived in a castle in Italy, had died of cancer. The collection had been divided and the mother and daughter had each taken half. The mother, said van Meegeren, was in love with him and trusted him implicitly. The collection had been placed under his care. It was agreed finally that the picture should be sold privately for 200,000 guilders.

First, however, the friend was advised to go to Dr. Bredius, the famous Dutch art expert, then at Monaco, and ask him to examine it.

Bredius, who began by being sceptical, ended by going into ecstasies about the "Emmausgangers" It was, he said, the most magnificent Vermeer he had ever seen. Shortly after, he wrote out a certificate of genuineness on the back of two photo reproductions of the painting The canvas was then deposited in a Paris bank, and, now that it was certified as genuine, the price was increased to 500,000 guilders. An attempt to sell the work to the Paris firm of Duveen failed.

But the sensational story of the newly discovered "masterpiece" spread, and art lovers in the Netherlands were anxious to see that it came home to the motherland. After passing through the hands of various parties, the "Emmausgangers" was sold to the Dutch State for 1,250,000 guilders.

In 1939, says van Meegeren, he decided to try his hand at another Dutch master: this time, Pieter de Hooch. He considered this necessary because he had said that the mythical collection consisted of the works of various masters.

For an example he chose a coloured reproduction of a Pieter de Hooch interior, the original of which is in the possession of H.M. The King. As a model for a standing female figure in the falsification he used a coloured copy of another de Hooch interior in the London National Gallery.

He bought two old canvases in the Rue Napoleon, Paris, and painted the interior on one of them. He subjected the canvas when completed to the same process as the "Emmausgangers" had undergone, and signed it "P. d. H. 1658." That was the year when Pieter de Hooch was at the peak of his powers. The painting is said to have been sold for 200,000 guilders.

From then on painting after painting appeared on the market, but they were always "Vermeers."

In the van Meegeren case the Dutch authorities are faced with some unprecedented legal puzzles. The forgery charge against him collapses because his "Vermeers" are original creations, and not copies. Experts cannot appear as witnesses against him because he has demonstrated their incompetence with devastating thoroughness.

Furthermore, van Meegeren's confession does not in itself constitute evidence, for it is argued that his claim to be the author of the works can be false because he may be motivated by vanity. Only the trial will show how the Dutch law proposes to tackle one of the most tricky cases on its records.

END

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